

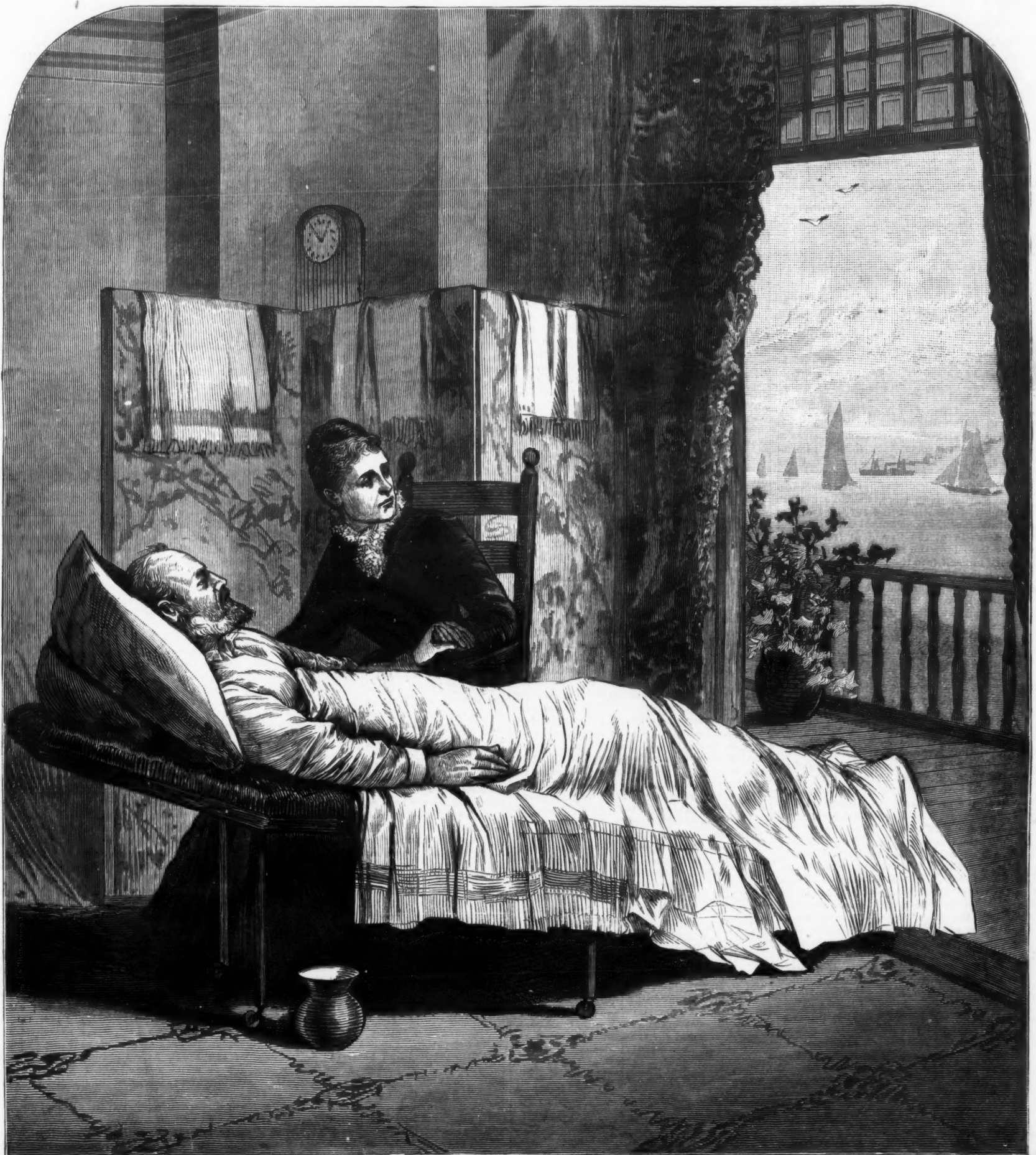
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW JERSEY.—PRESIDENT GARFIELD AT ELBERON—HIS FIRST VIEW OF THE OCEAN FROM HIS RECLINING-CHAIR, SEPT. 13TH.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 70.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
NEW YORK, OCTOBER 1, 1881.

CAUTION.

Information comes to us from different parts of the country that agents claiming to represent the publishing house of Frank Leslie, and the firm of "Frank Leslie & Co.," are collecting subscriptions for various publications. We again distinctly warn the public that the Publishing House of Frank Leslie (of which Mrs. Frank Leslie is the sole proprietor) has no traveling agents, and that there is no such firm in this city as Frank Leslie & Co. All persons using the name of the Frank Leslie Publishing House, under any modification or in any form whatever, in the business of soliciting subscriptions, are impostors, and as such liable to punishment. The public should understand that the only genuine Frank Leslie publications are issued from 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, and that all so-called Frank Leslie publications represented by traveling agents are counterfeits.

SURPRISES IN THE PRESIDENT'S CASE.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD is reported to have once remarked that his whole history and experience afford a singular confirmation of the French saying that "it is always the unexpected that happens." Certain it is that it would be hard to find a career more full than his of strange vicissitudes and unexpected occurrences. To say nothing of the many illustrations of this fact which marked his history up to the date of the assault upon his life—itsself one of the greatest surprises of all—it would seem that, in his present untoward and distressing surroundings, the destiny of unexpectedness is waiting in a peculiar sense upon his fate and fortunes. What, for instance, could have been more unexpected than that the sergeant of the military guard, whose duty it was to protect the assassin of the President from being assassinated by the mob, should have condensed himself into the very personification of mob law for the purpose of wreaking an assassin's vengeance on the wretched head of the miscreant whom he was set to defend? And yet this is the unexpected thing which has just come to surprise the country. It might have been expected that Guiteau would have been torn into pieces by the incensed populace of Washington on the fateful day when his deed of blood wrought madness in the brain of the people; but the expected thing did not happen. It is only the unexpected that happens. It even turns out that, while the people, in common with the suffering President, were praying for his transit from the insalubrious air of Washington to the bracing atmosphere of Long Branch, they were preparing for themselves a new phase in the possible aspects of the strange tragedy which is unfolding its scenes before the popular eye. It now appears that if, unhappily, the illness of the President should come to a fatal termination in New Jersey, the mere fact of his removal from Washington to that State will work some change in the legal proceedings that shall be instituted for the punishment of his assassin.

Under the common law practice which obtains in the District of Columbia, it is held that cases of murder must be inquired into within the legal jurisdiction where they occur—that is, where they are begun, continued and ended. If the President should die at Long Branch, his assassin would be liable, in the courts of the District of Columbia only, for so much of his crime as was completed in the District—for assault and battery, with intent to kill. But the State of New Jersey, we understand, by a statute dating from only 1877, has provided that, where any person shall be feloniously stricken "at any place out of the jurisdiction of the State and shall die of the same stroke," an indictment for murder against the principal or his accessories shall be as good and effectual in the law "as if such felonious stroke and death thereby ensuing had happened in the same county where such indictment shall be found." It will be seen, therefore, that, in case of Presi-

dent Garfield's death, there will be an unexpected change of venue in the prosecution of his assassin. But let us, meanwhile, hope and pray that a benignant Providence, in sparing the life of our stricken Chief Magistrate, may lay on the hearts of the whole American people a burden of gratitude and joy for his recovery, instead of laying even on "Jersey justice" the solemn duty of avenging his death.

BANKRUPT CITIES.

MEMPHIS, in Tennessee, and Elizabeth, over in New Jersey, are the typical municipal bankrupts. They furnish new problems in political economy for statesmen and new puzzles for judges—the supreme questions being, How shall a bankrupt city meet the claims of its creditors, and, can private property be held liable for public debts?

We would be glad to offer some useful hints for a definite answer to these questions. Perhaps we may contribute something in that direction by stating intelligibly the steps in the progress of Memphis through its "slough of despond." The case of Garrett against Merriwether, in the last volume of the United States Supreme Court Reports, just published, furnishes all the particulars in full detail.

From 1875 Memphis was hopelessly insolvent. Judgments were piled up, and writs of mandamus were showered down upon her. In 1877 the Legislature passed a law authorizing the Court of Chancery to appoint a receiver, and under this law the Court, in 1879, did appoint one, with larger powers than were ever before intrusted to the officer of any court. He was a sort of municipal dictator. But on the day after the Bill was filed, the Legislature passed an Act wholly repealing the charter and remanding the city to the government of the State; and, soon after, another Act was passed establishing taxing districts and providing means of local government. All local offices were abolished, all power of taxation was withdrawn and reserved to the Legislature, and all city property put under State control. Under this law the Governor appointed a receiver and back-tax collector, with still wider powers than those of the officer of the Court. While the latter had been a sort of nurse and doctor for the sick city, the former was invested with the additional functions of undertaker and executor, for it was now legally defunct.

It was inevitable that these two anomalous functionaries should clash, for a dead city does not make a quiet corpse by any means. After various bills, amendments and demurrers, the case came to the United States Supreme Court, and was decided at the last term. The Court below had decreed in favor of the Chancery receiver, and the Governor's functionary was perpetually enjoined; and, moreover, all property, public and private within the city limits, was held liable to pay all the public debt. This was a result well calculated to disturb the equanimity of the individuals composing the organization. But the Supreme Court reversed the decree and held: 1. That property held for public uses cannot be subjected to the payment of city debts. 2. That private property cannot be so subjected except by regular modes of taxation. 3. That the power of taxation is legislative and cannot be exercised otherwise than under the authority of the Legislature. 4. That taxes levied before the repeal of the charter cannot be collected by the Court of Chancery. 5. That the Governor's receiver was a lawful officer, and can be compelled to collect and apply the taxes; and, 6. That the Bill filed was not framed with a view to relief against this officer in the matter of collecting the taxes, and must be dismissed.

Thus the result of all the litigation was to settle the above stated principles, without any practical relief to the creditors or disturbance to the people; and we suppose that the good citizens of Memphis have been marrying and giving in marriage, speculating in stocks, and engaging in the pursuits of life, with the same equanimity as the dwellers in the ancient City of Elizabeth. We believe that there has been some recent legislation in accordance with the principles decided, and it is to be expected that, by-and-by, in some unknown way, Memphis will come out all right. Its name in Egyptian means, "The Good Abode," and it is not likely to be obliterated and buried in the sands like the ancient capital upon the Nile.

We do not know that any valuable lesson is to be learned for the other city we have named, or any comfort derived for her creditors, from this review of the case of Memphis, but it is worth the careful attention of those whose duty it is to make laws on this difficult subject.

REVOLUTIONARY EGYPT.

THE situation in that ancient land is certainly a perplexing one. There appears no organized agency that can solve the problem, and, in such a dilemma, there is

opportunity for a despot such as appeared in the person of Mahomet Ali, when he founded the present dynasty, or Napoleon, when he turned his artillery on the people and left his sign-manual on the facade of the Church of St. Roche, in Paris. Egypt, in other words, needs a strong hand at the helm. Liberal government among the modern Egyptians is to-day impossible. A republic of flies, with a diurnal ruler elected by popular suffrage among them, would be a more reasonable experiment than a constitutional system applied to that luckless people of the East; and yet this is what the leader of the mob in Cairo demanded when he went up to the Khédive with his ultimatum. Of course constitutional government is good for all countries where it can be successfully maintained, but where a written instrument, containing all of the guarantees belonging to a successful experiment like government in the United States, would be made the sport of half-savages, it could only bring liberty in its highest form into the worst kind of contempt. The Mohammedan religion itself precludes any form of constitutional government, and the fact can perhaps be no better illustrated than by a stroke of statesmanship of the late Ali Pasha, who was the greatest Grand Vizier which Turkey has had since her people took up their residence in Europe. He had heard that Austria, in 1848, had come under the government of a written Constitution; so this aged and gifted man was innocent enough to send up to Vienna and ask the Foreign Office to send him down a Constitution-maker. He thought he would have a good one fabricated and try it for a week or two in Turkey. This, in a lesser degree, and with infinitely less intelligence, is what was required of the wild man who went up to the Abdin Palace in Cairo, and demanded a change of government, on his three ultimate points—an increase of the army, dismissal of the ministry, and the Constitution.

The condition of Egypt differs little from what it has been—the mind of man runneth not to the contrary. There is an irresponsible ruler. There are 12,000,000 of wretched producers—a type of whom even so gifted a man as Edmund About consented to represent in his romance, "The Fellah." Cotton and sugar are the chief products that bring foreign coin to the treasury, and these were discovered as elements of revenue only when we had a civil war in the United States, and Ismail Pasha was told that production had ceased in consequence thereof, and that the word "blockade" had a meaning. Egypt must, sooner or later, go out of a pawnbroker's shop. She must have a new Constitution, and it is not on the cards that England will again undertake the mighty task of increasing her colonial empire. Who, then, will assume this elephant? There will be a pretty rod in pickle for the Power that does.

OUR ABSORPTION OF SPECIE.

IT is of interest to observe the magnitude of the present influx of gold at New York. The imports of specie since the beginning of the year have reached the sum of \$42,256,000, against only \$21,322,000 during a like period in 1880, showing an increase this year of nearly 100 per cent.; and, although it is true that since August 13th—the date at which the Fall import movement began—the arrivals have been only \$9,277,000, against \$15,463,000 during the same time last year, it is not only possible, but very probable, that the Autumn imports will ultimately equal, if not exceed, those of the corresponding period last year.

It is likewise interesting to notice the altered tone of the London Press in regard to New York as a financial centre. The course of events here is, in fact, anxiously watched. The Bank of England has been repeatedly obliged of late to raise its rate of discount in order to check the drain of gold to New York, and it is curious to note that the London Times thinks it a matter for congratulation that Europe will not, as it believes, be compelled to send to this country more than \$7,500,000 in specie per week for the remainder of the year. This is a large sum of money to receive every week, and the time has been when a prediction that such a consummation would be the subject of this sort of congratulation in Europe would have exposed the prophet to a suspicion of lunacy.

But it is noticeable, too, that France is becoming uneasy; she is losing large sums of specie, partly through the drain to Italy to pay for the "French" wines annually sent to America, and partly in settlement for grain and petroleum. The former she finds, notwithstanding her calculations some months ago to the contrary, she is obliged to import, and may, in fact, require the quantity purchased last year, or about 58,000,000 bushels. And what is even a more significant feature of the present state of French finances is the fact that the prosperous classes of France are hoarding gold because it is now worth a slight premium. In view of this fact, there has

been an increase of \$60,000,000 in the issues of the Bank of France, making a total of \$500,000,000 now in circulation. Like the Bank of England, the Bank of France has recently raised its rate of discount to four per cent., though, unlike the Bank of England, the French Bank's specie balance had not fallen to \$5,000,000 by any means. Apart from this, there is a feeling apparent all over Europe that there must necessarily be a large drain of gold to the United States to pay for the necessities of life, and the only thought is how to keep the expenditures within the narrowest limits possible.

It is flattering to the national pride to observe the tribute to American energy and enterprise which abound in the foreign Press. A French journal, for example, only gives voice to the universal sentiment when it says that the United States is the most energetic nation on the face of the globe; and it even goes so far as to say, in explanation of the present financial disturbance in France, that one of the principal causes is the commanding influence of the United States in European commercial affairs; that this country, already having a population of fifty millions, and an annual immigration influx at the rate of between seven and eight hundred thousand persons, must, in twenty or thirty years, attain a population of from eighty to one hundred million souls; and that, needing all our own production of the precious metals in our rapidly expanding commerce, it is not impossible that we may in time draw even more heavily upon the reserve balance of Europe, which now amounts to, say, \$2,800,000,000. We may, indeed, congratulate ourselves that, if there is any truth in what intelligent political economists accept as an axiom, the more complete the agricultural development the greater the tendency to an influx of the precious metals.

And in this connection it is worth while inquiring how we stand as to the production of gold and silver. Since 1854, the gold mines of Australia have produced \$990,000,000; but during that time the production of the United States has been \$1,204,000,000, besides \$422,722,000 in silver since 1859, when the large mines were discovered. The production of gold in this country varies considerably now; the largest was in 1853, when it reached \$65,000,000; according to the last official report it was \$38,899,000, though in 1878 it reached \$51,206,000. The silver production averages about \$40,000,000 per annum. Siberian gold and silver mines are said to be as rich as ours, but the production, through the wretched means of convict labor, is only one-third that of this country.

MUSTERED OUT.

ONE by one the historic characters of the civil war are being summoned to the final review. Last week, two who were conspicuous in the public service all through the war period dropped out from the ranks, and passed over to the camp "of the majority." The story of General Burnside's career is familiar to all. He was not, in the broadest sense, a great man; he was not, on the whole, a successful commander, but he was pure, upright, generous, lovable, and possessed qualities as a soldier which, under some conditions, would have made him eminent, while, as a citizen, his patriotism was as unselfish and noble as that of any man who ever fought for the flag. No reverses or unfriendly criticism ever cooled his ardor, or diminished in the least his fidelity to duty, and no applause ever inflated him with pride or undue self-esteem. Brave, intrepid and loyal to his convictions, he was always modest and simple-hearted, and, among his own people, was held in universal homage because of these and other qualities which brought him into the closest relationship with the poorest and humblest, as well as the wealthy and influential. His death comes to thousands who have known and loved him as a personal bereavement.

Captain Breese, who died on the same day as General Burnside, had been for thirty-five years identified with the naval service of the country. At the beginning of the war of the rebellion he was in command of a division of Porter's mortar flotilla; in 1862 he participated in the attacks on New Orleans and Vicksburg, being promoted for gallantry therein; and, subsequently, was present at all the important operations on the Mississippi River, taking part also in the Red River expedition of 1863. In 1864 he served as Fleet Captain of the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, in which capacity he commanded the sailors and marines in the assault on Fort Fisher. Since the war he has served in various positions, and in all has proved efficient and popular.

The men who, on land or sea, illustrated the highest qualities of the American character during the long struggle for the life of the nation, pass, one by one, into the shadow from which none ever return; but a grateful people will not permit their

names to die, or cease to cherish the virtues which gave their lives symmetry and strength.

THE LAND LEAGUE'S NEW DEPARTURE.

THE National Convention of the Land League, held at Dublin last week, was imposing as to numbers, being attended by nearly 1,000 delegates, and its programme, as marking the new departure of the agitators, possesses an undoubted significance. Mr. Parnell was, as usual, the conspicuous figure, and his counsel was characteristically violent and inflammatory. The keynote of all his utterances was "the abolition of landlordism and legislative independence." Commencing his address with a denunciation of the Coercion Act, he went on to say that the land question will never be at rest until the landlords are abolished and the tiller owns the soil. He proposed that the farmer should set aside a portion of his land for the use of the laborer—half an acre of tilled land for each thirty acres in the farm—"pending further legislation for enabling laborers to become owners of land." He reasserted that fair rent would be the value of land in a state of nature before it was improved by a tenant or any of his predecessors. Finally, he said that Irishmen should encourage home manufactures, even if they had to pay dearer than for foreign goods. Things not produced in Ireland should be bought in America. English goods should not be bought in any event. The platform adopted by the convention embodied essentially these declarations of Mr. Parnell, but on the point of the rejection or utilization of the Land Bill there was a protracted debate. The Catholic priesthood was largely represented in the convention. One of the resolutions authorizes the League to select test cases to bring before the Land Court. The spirit of the convention is strongly condemned by the London press. The *Times*, referring to the declarations in favor of Irish self-government says, with emphasis: "Once and for all Ireland must understand that this kingdom is, and will continue to be, a politically united kingdom. Great Britain will no more tolerate secession than the United States tolerated it in 1860." The agitators of the League are doing everything in their power to obstruct and defeat the movement for an exhibition of Irish manufactures at Dublin, evidently fearing that if they shall allow "the people to be engrossed with any practical measures for the promotion of honest labor their own occupation will be gone, the country will become fearful, and refuse to listen to their wild and wretched appeals."

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE crisis in Egypt, which for some days promised to have serious consequences, appears to be over for the present. The mutineers who challenged the authority of the Khedive have signed an Act of Submission, and Sherif Pasha has formed a new Ministry, which is apparently acceptable to all parties. How long the existing order of things can be maintained is yet to be seen. The army is, no doubt, permeated by a spirit of insubordination, which may flash out at any moment and upon the slightest pretext. France and England, which really control the administration of the country, have been solicitous for the preservation of the *status quo*, and the possible necessity of an Anglo-French occupation has been discussed. The more probable course, however, in the event of further trouble, would be the occupation of the country by Turkish troops under European direction.

The number of French troops sent to Algeria since April is stated at 36,000. There is a good deal of sickness among them; but the hot season is now over, and a better sanitary condition is anticipated. Preparations are making for the march on Kairouan, the holy city, by a column of 20,000 men, and an active campaign may now be looked for. Its prosecution, however, will be attended by grave difficulties, and final success can only be achieved at great loss of life and treasure. A French detachment in Tunis has suffered a reverse at Zaghoun, where the Arabs offered battle, and succeeded in temporarily cutting off the communications of the invaders. The Arab cavalry are said to have partially destroyed the canal which furnishes Tunis with water, placing that city, pressed for a water supply as it is by an unusual influx of strangers, in a position of temporary danger. The French are occupying positions round about Tunis, and it is expected that they will make a simultaneous descent upon the forts. There is a report that the Bey proposes to abdicate. The reorganization of the finances of Tunis is in progress. An agreement is about to be concluded with Paris bankers, who will buy up the Tunisian stock held by foreigners, in order to reserve to France the sole control of the finances of the Regency.

The organ of Gambetta declares emphatically that the present French Cabinet will resign upon the assembling of the new Chamber. This is construed to mean that Gambetta has made up his mind to accept the position of Premier. M. Ferry in a recent speech declared that the new Chamber would be controlled by a homogeneous Republican majority, and that the Government would effect military and judicial reforms. The provisions of the concordat would be resolutely carried out.

The outlook in Peru does not brighten. The Congress summoned by the Provisional Government of President Calderon has come to an end by constitutional limitation, having, before its adjournment, authorized the President to make an honorable peace which shall not involve a cession of territory—a task which, it is safe to say, he cannot accomplish. Meanwhile, the marauding Montoneros are ravaging the interior of the country, acting appa-

rently with the sanction of Pierola, who shows no mercy in dealing with his opponents. In the Chilean Congress the Minister of War has announced that his Government "will continue the occupation until Peru is exhausted." The expenses of the occupation are paid by the revenues collected. General Hurlbut has requested a reinforcement of the Pacific squadron to protect American property and interests.

The Pope manifests great satisfaction over the proposed appointment of a Prussian Minister to the Vatican, and it is expected that through him a gradual settlement of the various questions in dispute will be arrived at. There are some indications that Prince Bismarck is in sympathy with the agitation against the Jews, which seems recently to have acquired fresh virulence and popularity.

THERE is still a possibility of trouble between China and Japan over the Loo Choo Islands. While the Japanese Government is firm in its purpose to retain possession of the islands, it is said that China is equally determined to assert her sovereignty over them, and it is hinted that the armaments made by that Power are in view of a possible contest over this matter. A Chinese Envoy is, meanwhile, to visit Japan in the hope that it may be adjusted; but the state of feeling is such as to discourage any expectation of a favorable result.

THE death of General Burnside creates another vacancy in the United States Senate. It will, of course, be filled by a Republican; but if the Democrats of that body should determine to organize it before the new appointee from Rhode Island and the Senators-elect from New York take the oath, that party would be able to elect all the officers, and secure what ever temporary advantage such an organization would confer. It would scarcely be wise, however, in the present temper of the public mind, for either party to resort to "sharp tricks" in furtherance of petty ends.

IRISHMEN, the American colt which surprised English turfmen by winning the blue ribbon of the Derby and the cup at Ascot, last week supplemented those substantial victories by capturing the equally famous St. Leger Stakes. The colt was ridden by the celebrated Fred. Archer, who kept him in reserve until his competitors were exhausted when he was given the rein, and won easily by a length. A vast amount of money changed hands on the result, one English speculator alone being charged with the loss of £100,000. The apprehension that some injury might be inflicted on the horse previous to the contest was so strong that he was guarded by policemen and detectives in the paddock up to the moment of going on the track.

EX-MINISTER WHITE gives it as his opinion that the recent meeting of the Emperors will result in closer and more friendly relations between Germany and Russia. The conference has, at any rate, dissipated the belief which has prevailed in Germany that the present Czar was controlled by sentiments of hostility, and disposed to seek an alliance with France for the furtherance of his dynastic purposes. Austria is, of course, somewhat uneasy at the new situation of affairs, preferring her present alliance with Germany to a re-establishment of a triple league in which Russia would acquire equal advantages with herself. As to Great Britain, she takes so little concern under the present administration, in Continental jealousies—the only interests at stake being Belgium, and Turkey so far as she is connected with the route to India—that the negotiations at Dantzig have occasioned scarcely a ripple on the currents of discussion.

IN an interview with the Postmaster-General, last week, President Garfield inquired with a good deal of interest as to the reduction of expenses in the Postal Department, and manifested the liveliest satisfaction when assured that about a million and a half of dollars have so far been saved by the reform administration. The indications are that this saving, gratifying as it is, will be still further increased before the close of the fiscal year. Another of the "expedited" Star Routes in Louisiana was cut off last week, and still another in Colorado will be curtailed in October, the two involving a reduction of \$33,000 in the annual expenditure; and it is understood that the pruning-knife will continue to be applied until all the useless routes engrafted upon the system by the Brady ring have been lopped off. It is believed that the total saving by the 1st of January next will amount to \$2,000,000.

THE question of the Minnesota State Railroad bonds again comes to the front. It will be remembered that the Legislature submitted to a popular vote a Constitutional Amendment providing that no law-making provision for the payment of the said bonds should take effect until submitted to and ratified by the people. The Supreme Court of the State has now decided that the Amendment to the Constitution is invalid because it impairs a contract—a bond being the contract in this case. The Legislature also accepted a proposition from the bondholders to take fifty cents on the dollar, and appointed a Commission to decide the legality of this mode of settlement. The Court decides that this Act is void, for the reason that it delegates legislative power to a tribunal created by the Legislature. The result of this decision is that the scheme of partial repudiation goes to pieces, and the question of the payment of the debt comes back upon the Legislature as the sovereign authority in the case. It is not improbable that the popular sentiment in favor of the payment in full of all the obligations of the State, which has been steadily growing during the

last year or two, will soon reach high-water mark, compelling such legislation as will wipe out effectually the disgrace which, as to this matter, has so long rested upon the escutcheon of the State.

ABSENTEEISM among Territorial Governors has been sharply rebuked by the Secretary of the Interior, who seems to have the old-fashioned opinion that these officials should attend to their duties at their respective capitals, instead of lounging about Washington or prosecuting private schemes in Wall Street or elsewhere. Nearly all of these Governors, as well as the other important officials of Western Territories, are politicians from the East, who, owing their appointment purely to partisan considerations, convert them into sinecures—spending only so much time at their posts of duty as is absolutely essential to the retention of their places. If Secretary Kirkwood can break up this system of absenteeism and compel all officials of this class to give actual attention to their duties, he will entitle himself to the gratitude not only of the Territorial population whose interests are now so shamefully neglected, but of the friends of honest, faithful administration everywhere.

THE Republican "bosses" in Pennsylvania, having nominated a candidate for State Treasurer who is a conspicuous representative of the "machine," the leader of the Independents, Mr. Charles S. Wolfe, has announced himself as an independent candidate for that office. Mr. Wolfe is a gentleman of high character and ability, and has been for years a sturdy opponent of what is called "the Cameron Ring." His present action is, in a party sense, a mistake, but it will appeal to all men of independence of thought and purpose as eminently patriotic and timely. If "bossism" in politics is ever to be broken down, individuals must face all the risks of taking the field against it, being willing, if need be, to sacrifice their present popularity in order that the principle for which they contend may triumph in the end. Mr. Wolfe and those like him, who defy the power of political rings, are performing a most important service to the cause of reform, and in the long run they will not lose their reward.

PENNSYLVANIA promises to become the paradise of speculative insurance-mongers. We recently referred to the disreputable system of deathbed and graveyard insurance which has sprung up in the mining regions; and now we see that a Norristown judge has granted a charter to "The Happy Home Marriage Association," which proposes to speculate in matrimony. In some respects, the plan of the new association is a duplicate of that of the companies which speculate in old age. The insured pay a certain admission fee, a rated yearly sum, and so much per capita for the benefit of every member who marries. It is said that the directors of this extraordinary organization are all "respectable" citizens, but their respectability must be of the thinnest sort, and will scarcely prove sufficient to give even a faint veneer to the scheme which they have launched. It is amazing that the judiciary of Pennsylvania should lend their sanction to a business so utterly disreputable and indefensible.

IT looks very much as if the Fusion Party in Maine has reached the end of its tether. At the special election for Representative in the Second District last week, ex-Governor Dingley, the Republican candidate, was elected by over 5,000 majority, against 1,476 majority in the gubernatorial election last year. Originally there were three candidates in the field, but a week or so before the election the Democratic candidate was withdrawn, and the Democratic committee, in a circular, advised the Democrats to vote for the Greenback nominee. A large number of voters of that party, however, refused to be sold out, and either refrained from voting altogether, or voted outright for the Republican candidate. Nearly every town in the district gives a Republican gain—a fact which shows that the aversion of the better class of Democrats to the unprincipled coalition entered into by the managers is in no sense local or exceptional. All fusions like that in Maine, being wholly destitute of principle, and looking only to the acquisition of petty partisan advantages, embody the elements of decay, and, however they may thrive for a time, are sure to come finally to utter and ignominious wreck.

THERE is an obvious disposition in some quarters to make a hero of Sergeant Mason who attempted, the other day, to kill the assassin Guiteau. In Washington the newspapers publish communications urging that he should be promoted; citizens are signing petitions making the same recommendations, and subscriptions are being collected with which to pay his counsel. It is difficult to understand how any respectable citizen can lend his sanction to movements of this kind. By his own confession, Mason acted with deliberate premeditation, and is guilty of an assault with intent to commit murder. The fact that Guiteau is himself a red-handed criminal does not alter in the least the character of Mason's offense. The punishment of the President's assailant does not rest with him, but with the orderly processes of the law; and any individual who takes the law into his own hands and usurps the functions of the court and jury makes an assault upon the foundations of social order for which there can be no possible justification. And citizens who can applaud an act thus directly menacing the monuments of law, the authority of the State, and the safety of the individual, commit an offense no less than that of justifying mob-law and seeking to elevate assassination into the dignity of a virtue.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE small-pox is alarmingly prevalent in Philadelphia.

THERE were considerable falls of snow last week in portions of Iowa and Minnesota.

THE alleged Italian bandit, Esposito, alias Ranzazzo, has been held for extradition.

AN attempt is making by the police of this city to break up the business of pool-selling.

THE American Pomological Society held its eighteenth annual session in Boston last week.

THE New York Prohibitionists have nominated a State ticket, headed by Stephen Merritt for Secretary of State.

THE New York State Fair, held at Elmira last week, was exceptionally successful. The display of live stock was the greatest ever made.

ONE thousand coolies are expected to arrive at San Francisco this week, en route for Texas and New Mexico, where they will be employed in railroad building.

A COURT-MARTIAL has been appointed to meet at Washington shortly, before which Sergeant Mason, the assailant of Guiteau, will probably be summoned to appear.

GOVERNOR CORNELL has declined to confirm Mayor Grace's removal of Messrs. French, Mason and Nichols from the office of Police Commissioners of New York City.

APPLICATIONS for space in the International Cotton Exposition, to open at Atlanta on the 5th proximo, can no longer be entertained, all the available room being already taken up.

THE Mutual Union Telegraph Company, which is about to begin business, will have sixteen wires between this city and Chicago, and an adequate number of wires to other points.

CHARLES BECKER, a notorious and probably the most skillful counterfeiter of the country, was arrested last week while engaged in the printing of 1,000-franc notes on the Bank of France.

THE commission which investigated the charges of Congressman Pace against Superintendent Dodge of the United States Mint at San Francisco, completely exonerates him from all the charges.

THE fiftieth American Institute Fair was opened on the 14th instant. In honor of the semi-centennial a special gold medal has been struck, and is to be awarded for exhibits of more than usual value.

EX-SENATOR CHRISTIANCY was last week challenged to mortal combat by the brother of his wife, but declined on the ground that he has "no special ambition to acquire notoriety by assassination."

GENERAL W. T. TUCKER, a prominent citizen of Mississippi, was assassinated last week at Okolona. He was called to the front door of his residence and shot down by an unknown party, death resulting almost instantly.

SECRETARY KIRKWOOD is not satisfied with the inspection of the Pacific railroads made some weeks ago by Theophilus French, late auditor of railroad accounts, and has sent a trustworthy man to make another inspection.

A CONFIDENTIAL clerk for J. & W. Seligman & Co., the bankers, of New York City, absconded on the 3d instant after embezzling at least \$30,000. He was arrested at Marquette, Mich., on the 9th instant and brought to New York.

ST. LOUIS business men are signing a petition asking for licensed gambling-booses. Chicago, by act of Mayor Harrison, already has them. New Orleans has just begun to issue licenses to houses of ill-fame; gambling-houses and lotteries are already licensed in New Orleans.

THE war of the trunk railway lines still continues. The passenger rates now are \$7 from New York to Chicago, \$7 from New York to Cincinnati, \$12 from New York to St. Louis, and the same fare from here to Kansas City. The rate from Chicago to New York is \$15, with a rebate here of \$10.

THE anthracite coal tonnage of the various companies for August aggregate 2,737,547 tons, an increase of 838,032 tons as compared with the corresponding month last year. The total shipments for the year to August 31st were 17,773,144 tons, an increase of 3,928,712 tons as compared with the corresponding period last year.

EX-SECRETARY STUART, of the Brooklyn Board of Education, who embezzled a large amount of the city funds, has absconded, and a reward of \$5,000 has been offered for his arrest and conviction. A Brooklyn alderman, Stuart's brother-in-law, has been sued for \$50,000, which amount of the stolen funds is believed to have gone into his hands.

THERE have been serious labor riots in New Orleans. The Mayor being unable to maintain the peace of the city, the Governor of the State assumed control of affairs. All military organizations were ordered to be in readiness for instant service, and the police were placed under military direction—the result of all which was that the disturbances suddenly ceased.

IT is now officially reported that there was no concerted attack of Indians on Fort Apache; that what occurred was a mere temporary outbreak occasioned by the arrest of the medicine-man and the unexpected firing of Carr's scouts, which killed one officer and six men. There have been no fresh depredations, but the Apaches about the San Carlos (Arizona) reservation still maintain a threatening attitude. Troops and supplies are going forward.

Foreign.

THURSDAY, October 20th, has been appointed as a day of general thanksgiving in Canada.

THE commission for the delimitation of the Greek frontier has concluded its labors and left Greece.

ENGLAND and Russia are reported to be looking for naval stations near the Pacific end of the Panama Canal.

THERE have been additional expulsions of Socialists from Berlin, and all meetings in which Socialists are likely to participate have been prohibited.

IT is said that the Government of the Argentine Republic has sent an agent to the south of Russia to invite Jews to emigrate to the Argentine Republic.

IT is officially announced that the French Government has consented to prolong the treaty of commerce with Great Britain for three months, to date from the 8th of November.

THE Ecumenical Methodist Conference last week adopted a resolution in favor of international arbitration as a substitute for war. The debates of the Conference have been marked by exceptional ability, and all the subjects discussed have had direct relation to practical Christian work.

THE King of Dahomey has been at it again. With his army of Amazons he has recently raided and destroyed two towns having a population of thousands, and crowned his murderous incursions by carrying off a multitude of captives to his capital, where they will be offered up at the great annual sacrifice.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 71.



RUSSIA.—RECEPTION OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY BY THE POPULACE AT MOSCOW.



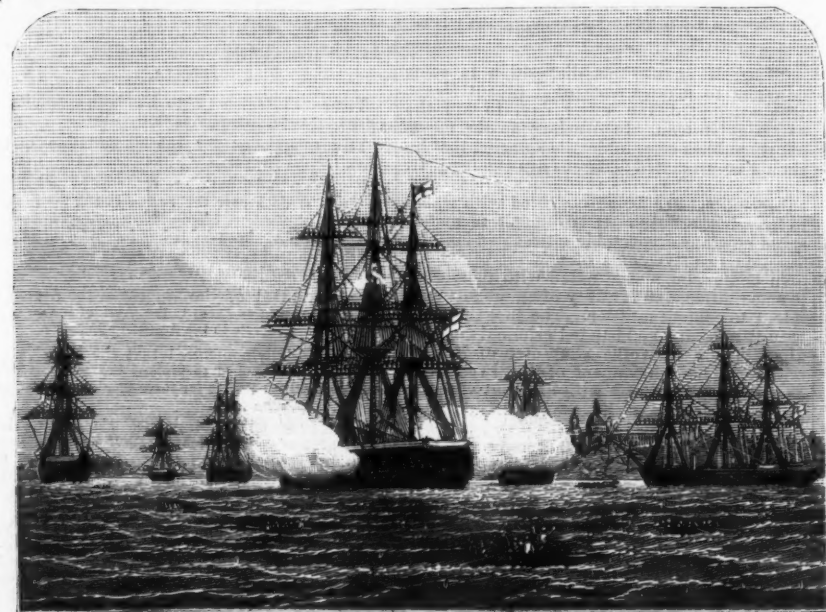
FRANCE.—THE LIGHTHOUSE AT THE ELECTRIC EXHIBITION AT PARIS.



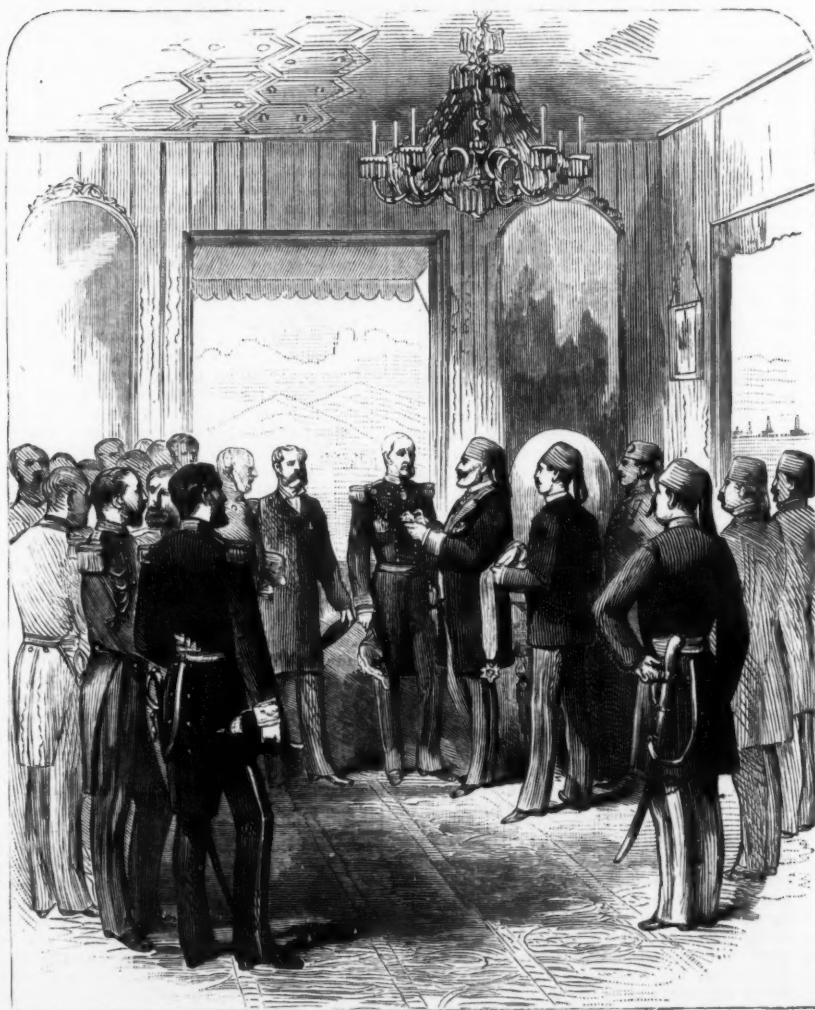
RUSSIA.—LANDING OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY AT JAROSLAW.



NEW SOUTH WALES.—GERMAN SERENADE TO THE ENGLISH PRINCES AT SYDNEY.



NEW SOUTH WALES.—THE GOVERNOR'S VISIT TO THE PRINCES IN SYDNEY HARBOR.



TUNIS.—RECEPTION OF FRENCH NAVAL OFFICERS BY THE BEY, AT GOULETTE.

THE LATE SENATOR BURNSIDE.

GENERAL AMBROSE EVERETT BURNSIDE, United States Senator from Rhode Island, died suddenly at his residence at Bristol, on September 13th, of spasms of the heart. His career, of but fifty-seven years, was distinguished by three features of a public and lasting character—his services as a soldier, as Governor of the State, and as its representative in the Federal Senate.

He was born at Liberty, Ind., May 22d, 1824, and educated at the Military Academy at West Point, graduating in 1847. Three months after receiving his commission as second lieutenant in the Second United States Artillery, he was transferred to the Third Artillery, and ordered to report to Captain Bragg, with whom he marched in the division of General Patterson to the City of Mexico, and there remained until the close of hostilities. In the commission appointed to settle the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, after the war between the two countries, Lieutenant Burnside served as quartermaster, and in 1851, in the capacity of bearer of dispatches from Colonel Graham to President Fillmore, he traversed a distance of 1,200 miles across the Plains, from the Gila River, through the Indian country, attended by an escort of but three men, in seventeen days. Subsequent to this he was stationed at Fort Adams, in Newport Harbor, and retired from service in 1853. He then established a factory in Rhode Island for the manufacture of a breech-loading rifle of his own invention. The enterprise, however, did not prove successful, and he entered the office of the Illinois Central Railroad Company as treasurer, holding at the same time the rank of Major-General of the State Militia.

When the war broke out he was invited to take command of the first regiment of troops dispatched from that State to Washington. In ten days from the date of his notice he was in Washington with the first detachment of 500 men, completely armed and equipped for a three weeks' campaign. His first important service was when he was intrusted with the duty of raising troops for special service in North Carolina, organizing the expedition and leading the same in the field. The forces rendezvoused in New York, Annapolis and Fortress Monroe, and on January 11th, 1862, set sail from the last named place en route to Hatteras Inlet. After encountering a heavy storm, the expedition arrived off that island, and during the latter part of January rendezvoused in Pamlico Sound. Reconnoitering parties were then sent out, and on February 7th and 8th attacked the enemy in position at Roanoke Island. After a gallant assault on the morning of the 8th, the island was taken, and with it six forts, mounting forty-two guns, three thousand prisoners, with their small arms, and immense quantities of army stores. The victory being so decisive, a sword of honor was voted to General Burnside by the State of Rhode Island as a reward for his gallantry and distinguished ability. From Roanoke he next prepared for an attack upon Newbern, landing his troops on the Neuse River, eighteen miles below the city, on March 13th, and, after a rapid advance, attacked and carried the works at the point of the bayonet on the morning of the 14th. The two victories, following each other, called for some fitting reward from the Government, and the commander was, therefore, commissioned a major-general of volunteers, to date from March 13th, 1862.



THE LATE HON. AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE, SOLDIER, GOVERNOR AND UNITED STATES SENATOR.

After occupying Beaufort, a portion of the troops, were selected to invest Fort Macon, which commanded the entrance from the sea, and on April 25th the work was bombarded for eleven hours, when it surrendered.

Recalled at the close of the campaign on the Peninsula, General Burnside was stationed at Fredericksburg, where he remained until after Pope's defeat at the second battle of Bull Run, August 29th and 30th, 1862. During the Confederate invasion of Maryland that followed on Pope's disaster, Burnside commanded the right wing of McClellan's army, including the First and Ninth Corps Hooker and Reno, and on the 14th of September gained the battle of South Mountain. At Antietam, on the 16th and 17th, Burnside commanded the left wing, separated from the Confederate position by the creek, the plan of the commander being that Hooker and Mansfield, supported by Sumner, should attack Lee and engage him closely, permitting Burnside, advancing simultaneously, to force a passage at the lower bridge. The right was fearfully handled, and Lee might have gained a complete victory had he suspected its condition. Burnside's attack was delayed several hours by a fire so galling that his men could not even reach the bridge. At last he succeeded in throwing one brigade across the Antietam by a ford, and so relieving the pressure on his front, secured the bridge, crossed, and reforming his line, carried the heights and pressed the enemy back some distance; but the attack was not supported, and he was ultimately defeated and driven back almost to the creek.

On the 7th of November General Burnside—much against his wish—superseded General McClellan in the command of the Army of the Potomac, and advanced from the Rapidan to Fredericksburg, intending to cross the Rappahannock there and move on Richmond. On December 13th he crossed the river and attacked the enemy directly in front of their entrenched position; but, it being found too strong, his army had to be withdrawn on December 16th, after losing heavily.

General Burnside, who had accepted the command in a letter of singular modesty, and now nobly shielded others by his responsibility, was prompt to resign it, and was shortly after appointed, with his troops, to the Department of the Ohio, where he more than redeemed the defeat. A portion of his command was detached to share the closing victories of the Vicksburg campaign, but afterwards rejoined him. His own services here were, first, the complete defeat of Morgan's last raid in 1863; next, the deliverance of East Tennessee by a skillful march over the Cumberland Mountains; and, last of all, the defense of Knoxville against Longstreet's impetuous attack.

The history of Burnside and his corps was subsequently identical with that of Grant and his great Virginia campaign. With Burnside at its head, the old Ninth Corps was engaged in the battles of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, North Anna, Tolopotomy, Bethesda Church, and Petersburg, including the Mine assault. General Burnside remained in the service until the war was over, and was finally discharged on April 15th, 1865.

The second feature of his public career was developed in 1866, when he was elected Governor of the State, a position which he held by successive re-elections until 1871. During the early portion of the struggle between France and Germany General Burnside was in Europe, and he figured conspicuously.



NEW JERSEY.—PRESIDENT GARFIELD AT ELBERON.—PRESENTATION OF FLOWERS TO A SENTRY ON DUTY AT THE FRANKLIN COTTAGE. FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 70.

ously in an attempt to bring the war to a close. In October, 1870, he passed back and forth several times between Prince Bismarck and the French Ministers, making an unsuccessful effort to arrange the terms of an armistice.

In January, 1875, he was elected United States Senator to succeed General Sprague, on the twenty-eighth joint ballot. In 1878, he presided over a special joint committee on the reorganization of the army; but the bill reported by him to Congress in 1879 failed of passage, first as an independent measure and then as an amendment to the Army Appropriation Bill. In December, 1879, he was offered the Russian Mission, an honor which he declined. In January, 1880, he was re-elected to the Senate for the term expiring in 1887. His last important work in the Senate was the preparation of a bill setting apart the proceeds of the sales of public lands for the promotion of education, a measure which he pressed to a passage in that body.

On Thursday morning funeral services were held in Bristol, and at noon the remains were taken to Providence, placed in state in the rotunda of the City Hall, and the public admitted to view them.

The services were held over the remains at the Capitol on Friday. A procession comprising the State militia, veteran organizations, members of the State and city governments, and a large cortege of citizens escorted the hearse through the streets to the First Congregational Church, the houses along the route being draped in mourning, the city bells tolling and minute guns being fired. The services were conducted by the Rev. Thomas O. Sizer, and the Rev. Augustus Woodbury delivered the eulogy. On leaving the church the procession was joined by United States Senators and Representatives, Government officers, the Corporation of Brown University, representatives of the Board of Trade, the Historical Society, the Loyal Legion, and many local associations. The remains were taken to the Swan Point Cemetery and deposited in the family plot with a military salute.

TWO.

"WELL, Dare?" It was not his first question; he was weary waiting for its answer, and he gazed down now passionately, anxiously, into the dreamy countenance of the woman at his side.

But a little moment he had waited, but to Wilfred Hale it flashed suddenly the first moment of an eternity that might separate him from her.

A little moment, but he had planned it differently; even then he had dreamed to pillow the fair head on his bosom, to be as rich in lover's rights as though time had grown a year.

A little moment, and—a blank!

"Well, Dare?" The words burst, almost a wild cry, from his lips, as if perforce she raised her eyes to his. "You do not give me much time," she said; "but if it were a week I do not know that I could answer better. I scarcely know what to say."

But she did not finish; his trembling hands had clutched hers tightly—his face, strained, haggard, was bent close to her own.

"Dare—Dare, what strange words are these you speak? Time—time, and you do not know what to say? What were you about to say when I stopped you? Surely—surely that you love me, that never as woman loved man you love me, Dare."

As he spoke his face grew whiter; even more tightly he clutched her little hands. Wilfred Hale was no mean man ordinarily; in this intense moment he must have moved the most indifferent woman to pity or to fear.

But this woman neither pitied nor feared him; she liked him quite too well.

Yes, she liked him; it seemed to her until this moment never quite so well. The grandeur of his passion thrilled her; that she had roused it suddenly grew sweet beyond compare; she stood spellbound, all-forgetful that Wilfred Hale was waiting for her to speak.

A tender light was creeping into the violet eyes, but he did not note; doubt blinded him to all save the torturing picture of a woman's face fixed on his—mute, pitiless—for all his passionate appeal.

"Dare!" A little cry but a soul's agony spoke therein. A little cry, but it reached her heart-strings and tinged her face with the first bit of passion she had ever known for him.

A bit, but a rare bit for any lover; unvailed by woman's pride, shining free, triumphant in the eyes turned to Wilfred Hale. He noted bewilderedly, then unconsciously he dropped the little hand and stood regarding her speechless, dreading it should fade away.

If she realized, for once Dare Winter cared not; still straightly, openly, the rare violet eyes met his as though it were a common thing; she raised a hand and laid it familiarly on his arm.

"You are a pretty lover, Mr. Wilfred Hale," so she began, archly, but with a tremor that deepened as she spoke. "You were long enough asking me to marry you, and now, because I do not drop into your arms the first little minute, because I thought you deserved punishing a bit before I—"

She would have finished calmly—it did not occur to Dare Winter, that moment, that she was telling him a lie. But again he interrupted; not as before—ah! truly what was before? The fair head was on his breast now, the torturing blank was as though it ne'er had been.

"Before you told me that you loved me, Dare?"

A strain of melody his satisfied soul set to the words. Not strange, perhaps; she only remembered that she loved him now, with a love every touch of his strong hand deepened, with a passion rising mightier, tenderer, with each kiss that met her lips.

"I was a foolish lover," he murmured, after a little. "I thought you meant the ugly words, my Dare. Ah, dearest, you did know what to say! For what were you about to say when I stopped you? Surely, surely that you loved me—that never as woman loved man you loved me, Dare?"

"Yes, but I did not say it," she answered, quickly, passionately; "you know my heart as yet only as you read my face. I want to say it; I want to say it, Wilfred—I love you! I love you with all my heart and soul, as never woman loved man before!"

Surely Wilfred Hale was a fortunate lover thus to read a woman's soul. But, though it enraptured him, it startled him; he had never thought Dare so intense; somehow a fear possessed him that he might never see her so again. As suddenly came the impulse which, even in the moment of its awakening, found vent upon his lips.

"Will you swear it, Dare?" he said, eagerly, while with even more passionate intensity he folded his arms about her and looked deep down into her tender eyes.

But no sooner had he spoken than Wilfred Hale was ashamed. Surely she had done enough; she had shown him her heart as few women would have done. She would be angry with him now—justly angry; she would believe that he distrusted her, perhaps—

His lips parted for retrieval, but—"I will swear it; yes, Wilfred, I will swear anything you wish. Why not?" so her loving voice broke in. Why not, surely? He would not have been man now if he had spared her—if he had stopped short of the fondest, most passionate protestations that such an oath could hold.

She would swear anything he wished, and she kept her word; freely, joyfully she yielded to his demands. She loved him; why should she not?

So Dare Winter was betrothed; and, with her hand locked close in her lover's, she walked home proud, happy, though their way lay by the sea—the sea calling to her, calling to her—singing the same song—the wild song—as loudly, as triumphantly, as through the years before.

Shall the sea give up its dead? Loudly, more loudly it called to her, closer creeping, beating heavier the shore each moment as though mad that she heard it not. For she heard it not; above its roar sounded the low voice of her lover, before which the past it honored had sunk to nothingness.

Shall the sea give up its dead?

The wild song was not to pass unheeded other days. But, though on the morrow she listened to it, she listened with a smile; she hoped to which through all she had clung so fondly grew suddenly an empty bit of past, for which—mystery as she knew it—she had but gratitude.

The song only annoyed her now.

"To love so long and forget so suddenly! I would not have Wilfred know of it for worlds. He would think it strange, and I suppose it is strange not to know you love a man till he asks you to marry him, and then for the little love of a minute to outweigh the love of years. Well, I do not know; I only know that I love Wilfred Hale."

So she mused, despite herself, a bit more puzzled as the days passed—a bit more bewildered to hear the sea calling, calling, and to realize that what she had yearned for the long years, with a boundless passion, with a hope that would not be denied, was now—nothing, nothing unto her.

If the sea were to give up its dead, she would not be even glad.

The song only annoyed her now. For though the days passed it annoyed her yet; the wild sea would not be stilled. Only above it rose the low voice of her lover, before which the past it honored sunk still to nothingness.

One night he came not; the morrow brought this little line, mailed from the nearest town:

"Business called me away so suddenly, dear, I could not come. Are you prepared for a surprise and a hurried wedding, too? I will explain all when I come."

A confident little line, sent in the sweet certainty that the surprise would be as pleasant for her to know as it had been for him to write. She would understand at what he hinted, and—

He could not help hinting at it in this joyful little question. How different it might have been he thought, blissfully; how hard to break this thing, in some respects so hard in itself, to a woman that loved him less!

"I love you—I love you with all my heart and soul, as never woman loved man before." Never before, never before! So his darling had spoken and—ah! yes, she would prove it now. She would understand, and—

Again the joy of realization grew too deep for certain thought. As never man before, it seemed to him, Wilfred Hale went on his way.

And?—Three times over Dare Winter read the little line. A surprise and a hurried wedding; what could Wilfred mean by that? Surely, oh, surely not.

Alas, for Wilfred Hale! With an open shiver she threw the note aside and turned to the other letter the mail had brought—a family letter full of dry details which in her usual fashion, she hurried over, and was folding, when a written corner caught her eye.

A postscript in Aunt Ruth's own:

"For all the time you made over it, I don't suppose it'll interest you much now to hear that John Graves is home. Actually turned up! I couldn't believe my eyes when he walked in here yesterday; I was so amazed I never asked him where or how. He asked after you right off, and said, for all the way you'd treated him, he had come back just to see you. What he meant perhaps you know; I was too amazed to ask. But I told him you were engaged—I was very thankful I'd just heard. He didn't say anything, only laughed. If I were you, if he comes, I wouldn't see him; I'm afraid of a man that laughs like that."

The sea had given up its dead!

Perhaps it was not strange. A less woman than Dare Winter might have thrilled to hear it; perhaps not strange that she, hearing it so, should tread the past to the exclusion of the present, for this little moment should quite forget Wilfred Hale.

Her past! Two lovers who had been lovers from childhood, so long, so early, that love's sweet beginning was a mystery to both; two lovers growing up each day to greet with a love stronger, deeper—a hope than which hope was never more assured.

Her past! Two parting on the sands but

for a little, to meet no more this side the grave.

This, until this morning, with all its sad and blissful shadings, included Dare Winter's past. From the day her lover left her she had had no word from him; two years she had watched and waited whilst the silence gave no sign.

Two years John Graves lay among the dead, of which the jealous sea tells no tales. And now?

"He has come back just to see you, for all the way you have treated him."

Alas, for Wilfred Hale; in the present she had no thought for him. The way she had treated him—what strange words on her lover's lips! How had she treated him but to watch and wait and yearn for him all through the dreary days! How but to cling to him each hour more fondly with a hope that would not be denied!

The way she had treated him? How—

But suddenly the hard truth pressed down. Some jealous fate had stepped between them—some little accident which had made waiting unto him a bitter draught far beyond waiting unto her. What a hard thing, what a needless thing—

As suddenly her face brightened. It mattered not, it never would matter more; he was coming back just to see her, coming back despite it all. Prescience was upon her; she knew that ere the evening, he would come—the man she had loved so long, so early, she never knew when love began.

Never in all as she loved him in this moment—this moment when, by chance, her eyes fell upon the little line she had cast aside.

Alas, for Wilfred Hale! She recalled it all, all—her love, her sworn love, with a faint cry of amazement.

"I did this—I did this!" she murmured. "After all my love for him, I could do this! Worse, I could think, I could say that if the sea gave up its dead, I would not be even glad. Oh, John! my true, my only lover, what shall I say to you of this?"

Alas, for Wilfred Hale!—no pity, no thought even, that moment, for the grave she was digging in his heart!

One came, ere evening, with a hard laugh upon his lips, with a swimming brain and an aching heart—came desperately, he knew not why, to a woman's encircling arms and a life-long happiness—came despairingly, to find nothing between them save the miscarried letters he had sent from the distant land. To know not, to care not why, and to smile only dreamily at the sweet confession Dare Winter made to him.

One came as never man came before, hasting with winged feet to his beloved, to hear a strange story ending thus:

"I always liked you, Wilfred, but I never thought to love you till the night you asked me to be your wife. Something drew my heart to you—some painful consciousness, perhaps, of my useless yearnings, some sudden hope to find a refuge in your tender love. I loved you then; then when I believed him dead. That love grew a mighty passion, and a delusion, too. I even ceased to regret the past; I came—But I cannot speak it; selfish as I may seem to you, it makes me shudder now. Wilfred, Wilfred, surely you must understand! Since the dead has arisen what heart can I have for you? A little thing—I say it not to wound but to comfort you. I would go with him to the ends of the earth, but what you hinted at—that it was decided you were to go for two years to China—when I read your note, I realized it sharply; Wilfred, I could not have gone with you gladly, not even after the love I swore you—not if the sea still held its dead. Is this the love to satisfy your passionate soul? Oh, think of it, and be comforted!"

The strange story he read, pausing in his mother's home, the word sent by the woman that loved him—she who had sworn that she loved him as never woman loved man before!

The little moment had dawned, the first of the eternity that was to separate him from her. But he barely realized; his eyes looked out dreamily, where the waves were moaning dreamily, down to the sunny waste where his darling had plighted her troth to him. To see—

A fair girl with her hand on her lover's arm.

"Dare!"

It was the only sign his stricken soul could give.

THE MICHIGAN FOREST FIRES.

LATER and more circumstantial accounts of the recent forest fires in Michigan show that the entire country were not in the least exaggerated. Three counties were swept by the devastating fire, and towns, villages, farm-houses, barns, orchards and meadows became in a few hours a blackened, smoldering mass. The bodies of men, women and children, who were overtaken in their flight, have been gathered and reverently buried, often only by strangers, as entire families were destroyed together. Animals, wild and tame, perished by the hundreds. The three counties contained a population of 52,000. Most of the burned district was highly cultivated, beautiful farming land. In Seneca County the fire burned a clean swath sixty miles in length and from ten to thirty miles wide. In some places, the survivors have been compelled to eat corn and potatoes left half-blackened by the flames, and in others even this poor fare was scarcely obtainable. The homeless and famished unfortunates huddled in barns, in schoolhouses and in their neighbors' houses, scorched, blinded and hopeless. Some still wander half-crazed around the ruins of their habitations, vainly seeking their dead. More than ten thousand people, who only a fortnight ago occupied happy, comfortable homes, are to-day homeless and homeless sufferers. They are hungry and almost naked when found, and in such numbers and so widely scattered that the best efforts and greatest resources fail to supply their immediate wants.

Stories of many wonderful escapes are told. Our illustration pictures one typical scene—the moment when, the wagon broken down, the horse dead, all means of escape apparently gone, and the sea of flame rolling towards them in lurid flames, the little family give way to despair. Another more

fortunate experience is thus depicted by a correspondent of the *Newport Herald*: "The wife was confined to her bed, sick; the husband was tired with fighting fire. There were several children. At noon on Monday it was evident that they must die for their lives. It suddenly grew dark—so dark that the man had difficulty in getting the horses. By the time he got them it was so dark from the smoke that he could not see to harness them; besides, the smoke blinded the eyes and oppressed the lungs. He got the horses harnessed to the wagon; then he went into the barn for a neck yoke, and when he came out he could not find the wagon and team. For a minute or two he had to feel about for them like a blind man. Then he went into the house and carried his wife out on her bed, bed and all, and put her in the wagon. The children got in and a girl of fifteen drove the team off, three miles, in the darkness and blinding smoke, over a bad road, with trees falling and horses perfectly frantic with terror. How she did it she scarcely knows. The man being left behind, to make a last effort to start his cattle, escaped on foot. Before he left, the barn and farm were literally covered with flying cinders, the glass of the windows broke with the heat, the bellowing, moaning cattle gathered together and staggered aimlessly about, and as he got into the road the buildings, fences, stacks—the whole place—burst into flames, which made an awful yellow glare in the smoke. With all this the wind blew with frightful violence and varying gusts; sometimes the smoke settled down about him in dense darkness, so that he staggered from suffocation. Then the smoke would rise before a gust of air, and an awful blistering heat took the place of the smoke. The woods along the road took fire behind on each side and in front of him, but he got through safely, happy to find that the wagon, with his family, had successfully preceded him."

The work of furnishing relief for the sufferers is going vigorously forward in all parts of the country. In this city the contributions amount so far to over \$50,000.

THE PRESIDENT'S CONDITION.

THE condition of the President during the earlier part of last week showed some signs of improvement, but on Friday there was a change for the worse. His pulse ran up rapidly, and there were indications of an increase in the virulence of the blood poisoning. The right lung was found to be seriously affected, purulent pus being ejected in considerable quantities, and there were fears that abscesses might form in other organs. His condition seemed to justify the alarm which was manifested by all who were familiar with the facts.

On the 13th of September, the President was for the first time lifted from his bed and placed in a reclining-chair in a position which brought the upper part of his body at an angle of 30 to 35 degrees to the lower. This was higher than his head had been raised before at any time since the shooting. The chair was then wheeled to the window, and for half an hour he revelled in an uninterrupted view of the sea, the passing ships, and the promenaders on the beach. From the latter point his face was distinctly visible behind the window pane. A sentry racing up and down upon the lawn came within the range of the President's vision. He waved his hand as a salute, and the soldier instantly stopped, faced to the front and presented arms. No ill results having followed the temporary removal, it was repeated on subsequent days, greatly to the delight of the patient, who never weary of the ocean view.

The weather at Elberon during the greater part of last week was delightful. Daily the walks and verandas were crowded with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, and the scene cheered and brightened the President greatly. The interest in the sufferer extends even to the sentry who paces to and fro before the Francklyn Cottage, and he has been frequently the recipient of floral tributes, great numbers of which also find their way to the President's room.

Heavy Transatlantic Travel.

TRANSATLANTIC travel has been unusually heavy this year. During the busy season, beginning with April and ending with July, the Cunard line carried 3,435 cabin passengers to Liverpool; the White Star line, 2,935; the Inman line, 2,210; the National line, 1,287 by its Liverpool steamers, and 389 to London; the Guion line, 1,805 to Liverpool; the Anchor line, 2,007 to Glasgow and 407 to London; the State line, 1,549 to Glasgow; the Great Western Steamship Company, 100 to Bristol; the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, 2,464 to Bremen; the Hamburg line, 2,192; the General Transatlantic Company, 1,246 to Havre; the Red Star line, 453 to Antwerp, and the Rotterdam line, 776. The total is 23,245 cabin passengers during the four busy months, against 19,496 in the same months last year. Not a life has been lost during the season.

A Marvelous Bronze-worker.

THE most skillful living bronze worker in Japan, and one of the most skillful workers of metal Japan has ever possessed, is said by the *Japan Mail* to be a Kyoto artisan named Zoroku. His specialty is inlaying with silver and gold, an art which he carries to such perfection that his pieces are scarcely distinguishable from the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Min period. What one sees on going into his atelier is a very old man, some sixty-five or seventy, peering through a pair of huge horn spectacles at a tiny incense-burner or still tinier flower vase, from whose frets and diaphans he is paring away, with marvelous patience, an almost imperceptible roughness or excrescence. Beside him, Wai and Summer alike, stands a brasier with a slow charcoal fire, over which an iron netting supports one or two bronze vessels similar to that he holds in his hand. Plainly these bronzes are being subjected to a slow process of baking, and if you watch for a moment, marveling at the purpose of a proceeding which seems only calculated to mar the fair surface of the metal, you shall presently see the old man dip a feather into a vessel with greenish liquor, and touch the heated bronze here and there with the most delicate dexterous care. This liquid is acetate of copper, and this patient process, which you see repeated perhaps twenty or thirty times during a visit of twice as many minutes, will be continued in the same untiring fashion for half a year to come, after which a month's rubbing and polishing will turn out a bronze rich in green and russet tints that might, and indeed must, you would fancy, have been produced by centuries of slowly tolling time.

Traveling in Japan.

TRAVELING in Japan is peculiar and primitive. The carriers include the jinrickisha men, the carmen and the packers. The jinrickisha, or man wagon, which is a queer vehicle if it does not belittle its name, was introduced into the country about ten years ago, and three or four hundred thousand of them are now in use. The vehicle weighs fifty pounds—its weight indicating some peculiarity, being little more than that of the "spider"-wheeled bicycle—and the jinrickisha man is expected to pull the thing, with its passenger, thirty or forty miles a day over all sorts of roads, for which service he receives thirty-five to sixty cents. Some of these man horses own their own jinrickisha, but generally they are owned by a company, and rented to

the coolie for six to ten cents a day, their cost being \$12 to \$16 each. The fellow drags the concern six miles an hour, and when the occupant stops for any purpose he waits, perhaps perching and exposed to a cold wind; without the extra covering the horse usually receives. For the car-man there are two kinds of vehicle. One is drawn by a bull, guided by a driver; the pace is twelve to fifteen miles a day, the load 500 to 700 pounds, and the whole establishment earns about fifty cents a day. When mandrills, two fellows pull in front and two push behind, drawing heavy loads at a slow rate—the bull carts load at ten or twelve miles a day for ten to twenty cents apiece. "Packing" is the common word for transportation in many half-civilized countries. The Japanese packers sometimes use horses, but ordinarily do not; they are of both sexes. They carry eighty to one hundred and twenty pounds from twelve to fifteen miles a day over mountain paths for ten to sixteen cents. The islands are so shaped that no point is more than a hundred miles from navigable water. There are canals and two short railroad lines; some of the footpaths, which are the original ways, have been widened enough for vehicles, but in all Japan there are scarcely more than 1,000 miles of wagon roads. Horsebacks and manbacks are the means of carrying. In this country, by the census of 1870, 38,000,000 people had 10,000,000 horses and mules and 26,000,000 cattle—one horse or mule to less than every four people, and one head of cattle to less than two people; the 35,000,000 in Japan have 900,274 horses and 814,324 cattle—one horse to about thirty-nine people, and one head of cattle to about forty-three.

Some Cheerful New Mexican Insects.

POISONOUS insects abound in New Mexico, and are at once a pest and a dread. A correspondent, who has several fine specimens of some of them, writes: "Here is a Mexican centipede, a hundred-footed worm, about three inches long, yellow beneath, with greenish-blue stripes on the back. The Indians claim that they are poisonous, even to handle them, but Professor Dury denies this. There is a scorpion with brown legs, dark body and a long tail. He is a fatal stinger. But here is what the Indians call the 'bald-headed baby,' a species of cricket called in Spanish 'Niña de la tierra' (child of the earth). The Indians dread this insect more than all others, and claim that its sting is speedy death. All cuddled up in the bottle, the specimen resembled a bald-headed baby holding up his myriad legs as if to scratch his cranium. The most curious insect I found was the Phryganea, a dipterous insect (two-winged), the larvae of which are found in the water, covered with a fine case, consisting of minute and variegated particles of gravel. This was insoluble in water, and also in alcohol. Lizards with bodies of frogs and tails of rats, and scorpions, are found in profusion."

A Sunday in a German Village.

THE Sunday morning service is the best time for seeing the picturesque costumes of the villagers. Before the hour of service arrives, groups of men, women and children assemble in the churchyard, the girls having for the most part no covering to their heads save such as is afforded by their own abundant hair tightly plaited in coils around their heads. The elder women wear a most elaborate head-dress, composed apparently of broad silk ribbons, so arranged as to stand up over the forehead in a sort of tiara, while down the back the ends hang in four long, broad streamers. All the women wear, even in the hottest weather, great cloaks of diverse patterns and colors, very full all round and plaited round the neck, somewhat after the manner of an Elizabethan ruff. As each woman wears from three to five or more thick skirts, and this cloak over all, the apparent dimensions of a Thuringian peasantess rival those of our ladies in the days of crinolines. The men have for the most part given up their old peasant costume and adopted the hideous garments of civilization, and, apparently conscious of their want of picturesque-ness, sink into the background. Presently the bell begins to ring, and women and girls stream into the ground-floor of the church. Men and boys are relegated to the three rows of galleries which, one over another, line the walls of the church to the very ceiling. The bell stops, the organ begins to play, and the preacher starts a tune, which is at once taken up by the people, who sing slowly and solemnly one of their old German hymns. During the singing the minister enters, and as soon as the hymn is done reads the prayers. These consist of a few general prayers, similar to those in the English prayer-book, with a few responses from the congregation, and the collect, epistle and gospel for the day. Then there is more singing, during which the minister goes out; and, when the hymn is finished, reappears in a different gown, ascends the pulpit and delivers a discourse which is usually an amplification and dilution of the gospel for the day. Then another hymn, the benediction, and then yet another hymn, during the singing of which the minister retires and the people follow his example as they list. The whole service usually occupies about an hour or less. For the rest of the day the natives work in the fields, stroll about the village, or sit in the restaurants and drink beer and schnapps.

Omnibuses as Distributors of Diseases.

THE London *Evening Standard* says: "There can be little doubt that the ordinary omnibus plays a considerable part in the spread of diseases, not alone of the maladies popularly recognized as 'catching,' but of those nameless illnesses which constitute the bulk of personal and family sickness. Within a compartment measuring less in capacity than would be allowed per head for the inmates of the worst arranged of hospitals, say barely over 300 cubic feet, without any through ventilation in the direction in which the vehicle travels, are crowded some dozen persons, who breathe each other's carbonized and often fetid breath, to a degree and with a directness not experienced under any other circumstances. How real the evil is may be inferred from the indications given when a particularly unhealthy or uncleanly person enters the conveyance. It is impossible that diseases should not be distributed in this way. Those who have occasion to travel frequently in omnibuses, and who are, so to say, acclimatized, may not notice the nuisance of foul air or the injurious emanations by which these vehicles are infected; but they exist, and produce their full crop of consequences."

A King's White Elephant.

SOME ten weeks ago the King of Siam received a dispatch from one of his provincial Governors informing His Majesty that a brand-new deity in the shape of a snow-white elephant had been captured in an outlying district of the kingdom, and was actually on its way to Bangkok, the Siamese capital. These joyful tidings were greeted with indescribable enthusiasm at Court, and the King at once resolved to start in person, accompanied by his Ministers, grand officers of state and exalted clergy, upon a processional excursion, with the object of meeting the divine pachyderm half way, and escorting it to Bangkok with all imaginable pomp and ceremony.

The *cortège*, headed by His Majesty, had not proceeded many miles on its road towards the interior when it encountered the object of its pilgrimage. Approaching the elephant with profound reverence and many humble salutations, the King

knelt down at its feet, and reverently placed its trunk upon his head and either shoulder, imploring his protection and favor. Having thus paid public homage to the huge quadruped and received its blessing by the *amposur proboscis*, His Majesty drew his sword, and took up a position on the elephant's right flank, supported, on the animal's left, by the high priest, carrying a golden wand. Thus headed, the procession entered Bangkok, where the new god was greeted by salutes of artillery and a general salute of the royal troops, paraded on either side of the route leading to the palace. Having escorted the elephant to its apartments, the King formally bestowed upon his sacred guest the rank of "Reigning Monarch," and decorated it with the Grand Cordon of the Siamese Order bearing its own style and title. The household of the new deity has since been organized upon a truly royal scale. Every article dedicated to the elephant's use and service is of massive gold or rare porcelain, and popular offerings to the value of many thousands of pounds were deposited at its shrine before it had been established forty-eight hours in its splendid quarters, immediately adjacent to the King's own private suite of apartments.

Hunting Wild Honey.

It will soon be time for those who make a business of hunting bee-trees to start out on their expeditions. Once this kind of business was quite lucrative. Bee-trees could be found after a little work almost anywhere in the woods. They are usually well filled, and if a man could manage to discover one tree a week he would consider himself earning good wages. Now and then, while following a trail or bee line, two trees have been traced out, but this is very rare. A gentleman, an old bee-hunter, told a story how he once took some honey out in the woods, warmed it on stones, and left it there as a sort of feeding-place for the bees, and a day or two afterwards noted the direction in which they went after loading themselves, and by following them some distance found there were two lines of bees running parallel to each other. In about three hours he found one tree, marked it, and then again set out his honey. In a short time he took the other line for the other tree. He hunted and hunted for a long time without success. Finally, reaching a cliff of rocks, while trying to pick his way down, he accidentally slipped and slid to the bottom. Somewhat stunned, he lay a few minutes, and looking up to see how far he had come, lo! and behold, his experienced eye saw bees going in and out of a hole in a tree within a few feet of him. From those two trees he took eighty or ninety pounds of honey, with a considerable quantity of beeswax, and considered it one of the most successful hunts he had ever had. Besides honey, there is used in bee-hunting a strong flavor of young clover, as it is called, which the bees, seemingly, adore, and the honey itself. The proper way to trace bees is to heat a stone, drop honey on it, have the comb near by, and the heated honey will immediately draw the bees, who will then find the comb and proceed to load themselves with it and return to their homes. It requires a sharp eye to follow the line, but the term, 'a bee line,' is well known to be a line straight as an arrow, and all the bee-hunter has to do is to get the course of the bee and follow it straight until he has reached the vicinity of the tree, as near as he can judge, a tree which he will try his honey again, and so tell whether he has not yet reached it or gone by. Some hunters select a good lively bee, throw flour over him, and then by noting the time it requires for that bee to unload himself and return, get a good idea of the distance.

Devil-worshippers in Asia Minor.

AN interesting account of the Yezidis, or Devil-worshippers, is given by Major Trotter, Consul for Kurdistan, in a memorandum on the different races inhabiting his consular district, just printed in the correspondence respecting the condition of the populations of Asia Minor and Syria. The Devil-worshippers are, says Major Trotter, a very curious race of people who are scattered in groups about the consular district to the number of about 20,000. They universally speak the Kurdish language. They are believed by some to be the remnants of the lost tribes; and a Syriac manuscript, of date A. D. 1253, contains the statement that the Yezidis, or Izidis, are of Hebrew descent. The great peculiarity about them is their religion, which is based on the idea that there are two spirits of nearly but not quite equal power, the good and the evil. At present the good is in the ascendant, but the turn of the other may some day come; and as the good spirit cannot, from his nature, possibly do them harm, it is in their opinion of great importance to be on good terms with the evil spirit. Their religion is, however, mixed up with several forms of Christianity, and they use, it is said, the rite of baptism and make the sign of the cross. Their religious centre is at Sheikh Adi, a village in the mountains east of Mosul. The Yezidis have been accused by the Sunni Moslems, who detest and despise them, of the perpetration of the most horrible orgies during their nocturnal ceremonies; but Major Trotter believes the accusation to be false. Those who know them best speak rather favorably of them than otherwise. They are, however, famous freebooters. The Turkish officials, in order to bring them under conscription, insist that they are Moslems, and enroll them as soldiers in the districts where they are mostly found. Their habits are generally agricultural and pastoral; and the Devil-worshippers, whatever may be their merits, are not a well-educated race.

The Lake Fisheries.

A CENSUS bulletin just issued gives the statistics of the fishing industry in our great northern lakes for the year 1879. The fisheries reported are those of Lake Superior, Michigan, Huron and St. Clair, Erie and Ontario. The kinds of fish, returned are white fish, trout, herring, sturgeon, hard fish, soft fish, rough fish, coarse fish and mixed fish. There were employed in the business 5,000 fishermen, with vessels, apparatus and accessories valued at \$1,345,000. The fish caught in 1879 weighed 68,750,000 pounds, and were worth \$1,650,000. The leading kind was white fish, of which 21,000,000 pounds, valued at \$778,000, were taken; \$220,000 worth of trout were caught, and over \$100,000 each of coarse fish, herring and sturgeon. Of the whole amount of fish obtained \$1,100,000 worth were sold fresh, \$400,000 worth were salted, \$126,000 frozen and \$109,000 smoked. The industry was carried on to the greatest extent in Lake Michigan, where the yield amounted to \$668,000 in value, and in Lake Erie, where the value exceeded \$400,000.

A Postage Stamp.

POSTAGE stamps are printed from engraved plates under a hydraulic press, on paper especially prepared for this purpose. Two hundred stamps are printed on one sheet at each motion of the press. The colors used in the ink are ultra-marine blue, Prussian blue, chrome yellow and Prussian blue (green), vermilion and carmine. The sheets are gummed separately; they are placed back upwards upon a flat wooden support, the edges being protected by a metallic frame, and the gum—composed of an aqueous solution of gum dextrine with a little acetic acid and alcohol—is applied with a wide brush. It dries quickly, and then the sheets are pressed. Each sheet is cut in half, and is then ready for the perforating machine. This perforat-

ing machine was invented and patented by a Mr. Archer in 1852. The patent was purchased by the Government for \$20,000. The perforations are effected by passing the sheets between two cylinders, provided with a series of raised bands, which are adjusted to a distance apart equal to that required between the rows of perforations. Each ring on the upper cylinder has a series of cylindrical projections which fit corresponding depressions in the bands of the lower cylinder; by these the perforations are punched out, and by a simple contrivance the sheet is detached from the cylinders in which it has been conducted by an endless band. The rows running longitudinally of the paper are first made, and then by a similar machine the transverse ones. The sheets are finally subjected to heavy pressure, by which the roughness caused by the punching operation and other manipulations is removed.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Imperial Visit to Moscow.

Allusion has heretofore been made to the visit of the Imperial family of Russia to the ancient capital of the vast empire. Although there was a considerable amount of secrecy observed in the movements of the party, at every stopping-place, when their presence was known, there were demonstrations of hearty loyalty by the populace. At Jaroslavl and Moscow the greetings by the masses could not have been more enthusiastic or earnest. The Czar, with his wife and children, showed himself freely, returning the cheers and salutations alike of soldiers, nobles and peasants, with evident pleasure, and responding feelingly to the loyal addresses made him. No attempts upon his life were made; indeed, the people were so loyal that any attempt to injure the Czar or his family would have proved a most serious matter for the authors.

The Sons of the Prince of Wales at Sydney, N. S. W.

On the morning of July 14th, the detached squadron of the British Navy, under the command of the Earl of Clanwilliam, Rear-Admiral, and with which the two sons of the Prince of Wales are cruising, arrived at Sydney, New South Wales, and came to anchor off Port Jackson. From the time of their departure from Melbourne Heads to their arrival at Sydney, the vessels kept in company, sailing the greater part of the voyage. When the squadron had entered the harbor and was rounding Bradley's Head, the *Wolverene* saluted the Admiral's pennant with thirteen guns. Nine guns were fired in return from the flagship *Inconstant*, which led the squadron, followed by the *Cleopatra* and *Carysfort*, the rear being brought up by the *Tourmaline*. The scene was majestic, though the weather did not enhance its grandeur. After making anchor, the Admiral and his staff officers, with Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, paid a ceremonial visit to the Governor, Lord Loftus. This was returned by His Excellency, and a few days later the festivities, hastily arranged in honor of the Queen's grandsons, were opened with a grand ball. A number of excursions for the young princes were planned and carried out to mutual satisfaction. The sight-seeing was kept up for ten days, when announcement was made that the squadron must sail. On the evening previous to the date of departure the German residents of Sydney, assisted by the *Liedertafel*, gave a serenade, with the electric light, to the fleet. The harbor steamer *Fairlight* was fitted with an electric light, and was chartered to convey those people taking an active part in the demonstration. At a few minutes to eight o'clock, the *Fairlight*, having on board about five hundred ladies and gentlemen, and the German Band, left the Circular Quay, followed by the steamers *Prince of Wales*, *Daisy*, and a number of others, each well laden with passengers, and illuminated with Chinese and other lanterns. Arriving within some little distance from the *Tourmaline*, the first man-of-war reached from the quay, the electric light was thrown on to her decks, and the *Liedertafel*, accompanied by the German Band, commenced to sing the chorus, "God Bless the Prince of Wales." Passing the *Tourmaline*, the light was directed to the flagship *Inconstant*, the foredeck of which was crowded with her sailors, who hailed the approach of the visitors with vociferous cheering. The electric light was well managed, and its effect was extremely brilliant. Thus, in turn, each ship in the squadron was visited and its officers and men serenaded.

Reception of French Naval Officers by the Bey of Tunis.

On the 24 of August, the French war-vessels that had been operating against Sfax and Gabes, under the orders of Vice-admiral Garnaot, came to anchor in the Gulf of Goulette, and were saluted by the Tunisian batteries. Two days later the admiral received the French colony of the city at the residence of the Minister, M. Roustan, and on the following day, accompanied by the officers of the squadron, he proceeded to Goulette, and was received by the Bey in his palace. High honors were paid as the party approached and entered the pavilion of state. After exchanging the usual compliments the Bey thanked Admiral Garnaot for having checked at Sfax and Gabes the insurrection of his subjects, and declared that he should always rely upon France for aid and protection in the hours of peril. Then, taking from the hand of Mustapha, his Premier, the grand cordon of the Order of the Nishan, he passed it over the admiral's neck, and followed this ceremony by attaching the medal of the same Order to the breast of Rear-admiral Martin. A brief time was then spent in conversation, and when the naval officers took their departure, the salutes that greeted them upon landing were repeated.

The Lighthouse at the Electrical Exhibition.

The interest in the great Electrical Exhibition at Paris increases daily, and all the recent inventions are now seen in working order. From the galleries overhead the main hall float the blended banners of the nations—the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack, the red, white and blue of France, the red, yellow and black of Belgium, the yellow and red of Spain, the yellow and black of Russia. And, stranger sight of all, the red, white and black pennon of Germany hangs for the first time in eleven years in peaceful friendliness beside the tricolor. Among the flags are set lamps shaded with ground-glass globes, that glow as pearls of flame with the imprisoned fire of the electric light. Russia has the biggest lamps, but America claims that her pretty pendant globes give the most light, as it is said that each of the lamps represents the lustre of 4,000 candles. Directly in front of the main entrance towers a lighthouse sixty feet high, put up by the French Government, which sends out at night an unbroken sheet of lustre on all sides. French taste comes into play even in the matter of so unamiable an affair as a lighthouse, for the base of the temporary tower is beautifully decorated with rock-work, and with bronze figures of boys and dolphins, for a mimic lake surrounds the tower. On this lake an electric boat performs its evolutions. The American section is situated just behind the great central lighthouse, and is very sufficiently indicated by the wagons of the United States Signal Service and United States Field Telegraph, which occupy prominent positions in the foreground. The French Government officials, after seeing all the electric lights, have chosen the Edison light to be put in the Grand Opera House at Paris. Eight hundred lamps have been ordered to be lighted early in October, and if these give satisfaction, the Government has agreed to give an order for seven thousand more.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—FOUR hundred Russian Jews have passed through Lemberg on their way to America.

—It is said that the Italian Budget estimates for 1882 show a surplus of 8,000,000 lire (\$1,600,000).

—THE Japanese Government has sent a commission to Milan to inquire into the advantages of being cremated on the Italian plan.

—THE steamer *Columbia* foundered in Lake Michigan, off Frankfort, Michigan, on the 11th instant. Fifteen persons were drowned.

—DIPHTHERIA is epidemic in Russia. In the province of Pultowa, with less than two million inhabitants, there has been 13,765 deaths.

—THE anniversary of Mexican independence was celebrated on September 16th by the inauguration of public works throughout the country.

—A LANDELIP occurred last week near the village of Elm, in Canton Glarus, Switzerland. Two hundred persons were killed and thirty houses destroyed.

—PEOPLE in Philadelphia who do not ride are urging the levying of a special tax on pleasure carriages to raise means for the improvement of Fairmount Park.

—THE endowment of Washington and Lee University has reached \$431,500. All the recent important additions to its funds have come from Northern men.

—COUNT SABUROFF and Prince Bismarck have agreed to take concerted action against the Nihilists, and the co-operation of England and France has been requested.

—THE report of the Commissioner of Agriculture based upon returns as of September 1st, shows a decline during August in the condition of cotton, corn and tobacco.

—SPAIN has been informed by France that the latter will pay the claims for the losses sustained by the Spanish colonists at Salda, Algeria, who were plundered by the Arabs.

—ALL the Ambassadors of the Powers have informed the Porte that their Governments have finally resolved not to agree to the suppression of the foreign post-offices in Turkey.

—THE Signal Service Expedition under Lieutenant Greeley arrived safely at Discovery Harbor in Lady Franklin Bay, where the meteorological station is located, on August 11th.

—THE new Civil and Criminal Code in Japan go into effect in January next. They are modeled on the Code Napoleon, with local adaptation. The French system of gendarmes has been adopted.

—THE emigration returns for Liverpool for the month of August show that 21,321 emigrants left that port, being 2,669 more than in July. Of this number the destination of 18,072 was to the United States and of 2,986 to Canada.

—THE construction of telegraph lines in China is being prosecuted with vigor. Communication has already been established between Shanghai and Soochow, but only for official business, the lines not yet being thrown open to the public.

—THE Electric Congress at Paris was formally opened on September 16th by M. Cocher, Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, who congratulated the foreign visitors on their fine collection of exhibits at the International Electric Exhibition.

—ACTING under the instructions of the Citizens' Committee, Overseer of the Poor Stoven has instituted proceedings against nearly every saloon keeper in the town of Watervliet, near Troy, N. Y., about 400 in all, on the charge of selling liquor without a town license.

—IN England the Farmers' Alliance has declared against the fair trade movement and in favor of the land reform, the assimilation of the borough and county franchise, and the redistribution of seats. The Trades' Union Congress, now in session in London, has excluded delegates favorable to "fair trade."

—It is stated that 300 Russian nobles have organized themselves under the name of "Sacred Legion" as a counter association to the Nihilist attempts on the life of the Czar. They will dispose of large funds and employ a complete system of secret organization, and their influence at court is said to be much superior to the ordinary secret police.

—THE Massachusetts Democratic State Convention will be held at Worcester on October 15th. The State Committee at its meeting last week appointed a subcommittee to prepare resolutions expressing "the sympathy of the Democratic Party of this State with President Garfield in his present deep affliction," and to send them, when prepared, to Mrs. Garfield.

—THE complete school census of New Jersey gives 330,685 children. The public school houses number 1,685, in 1,371 school districts. There are 129 non-sectarian and 107 sectarian schools in the State. There are 3,377 teachers employed at an average monthly salary to males of \$55.82, and to females of \$32.90. The amount expended for school purposes in a year is \$1,873,464, an average of \$13.39 for each pupil under instruction.

—A CONVENTION of manufacturers and agriculturists will be held in New York City, November 24th, for the purpose of considering the following subjects: 1. A revision of the tariff in the interest of American labor. 2. A review of industries that are destroyed or greatly injured by foreign competition, because of erroneous Treasury rulings or defective laws. 3. The abolition of internal taxes in whole or in part. 4. American ships.

—GOVERNOR FREMONT, of Arizona, has suggested to the Interior Department, *appropos* of the Apache troubles, that the United States negotiate with Mexico for the cession of the upper portion of Lower California, to be used as a place of exile for all troublesome Indians. Mexico, he suggested, is equally interested with us in sequestering the bad Indians of the border, and would unite with us in executing the scheme. The Pacific Ocean, the Gulf of California and a chain of forts on the Isthmus, would hem them in. Then peace would prevail throughout the West.

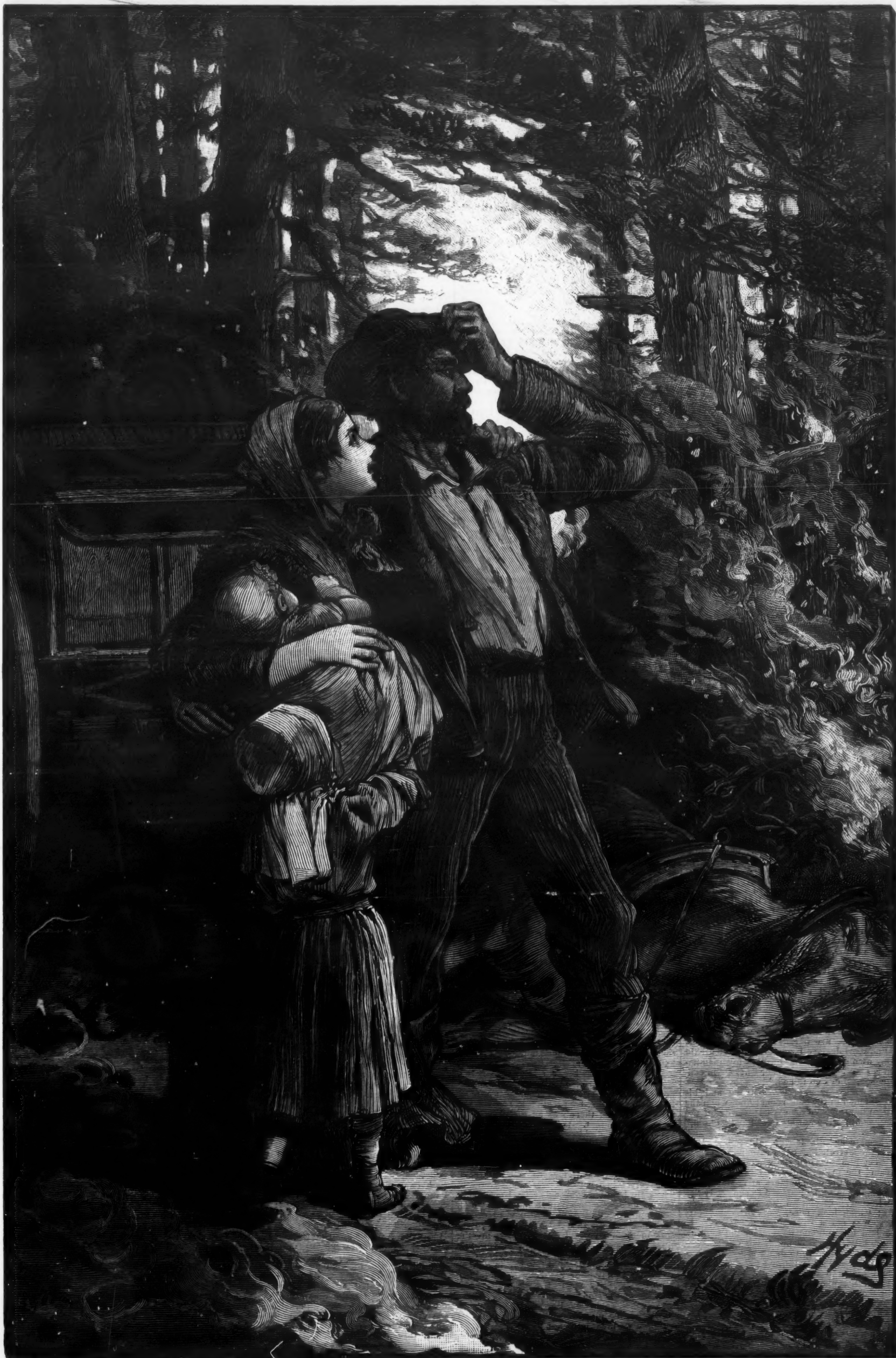
—PRIVATE intelligence received from Bangkok, under date of July 17th, is to the effect that there were 600 cases of cholera reported in the previous week among the Chinese, Siamese and Laos people, and that great alarm prevailed throughout the city. Only two foreigners had caught the epidemic, which seemed to be confined to the district known as Sam Peng. The King had given money to aid the sufferers, and has established 32 hospitals; an ambulance corps has been organized, and native and foreign residents have been employed at the expense of the Government to attend the sick.

—THE Tichborne case will not be allowed to rest in its grave. The man calling himself Jules Berrant, and who claims to have been the valet of Sir Roger in South America, now asserts that the Berrant who testified on the first trial was an impostor, who was detected and punished for perjury. This is a mistake. Jean Luie and Captain Brown alone were punished for false swearing in the case. The impostor question is, therefore, still open. The present Mr. Berrant, who champions the new Ferris-Tichborne, is alleged to have traded horses through the West under other names.



STRICKEN.

MICHIGAN—"Help, or I perish!"



THE MOMENT OF DESPAIR.—AN INCIDENT OF THE FATAL CONFLAGRATIONS IN THE SAGINAW VALLEY OF MICHIGAN.—SEE PAGE 70.

FATE'S TARDINESS.

HOW oft a human soul, grown tired of sin—
Grown weary of life's burden, weighted sore—
Has willfully unlatched Death's mystic door
And sought the mysteries that lurk within,
Shutting away the sad world's turgid din
That stunned them with its cruel, blatant roar.

Because Fate had withheld the wizard store
That they had striven weary years to win,
Death had seemed fairer.

Was it wealth, or fame,
Or tender love that, absent, made life dross?

Oh, bitter Fate! that to the dead brings name,
And blossoms from a loving hand, whose loss
Had made life empty! Oh, elusive shame
Of mocking Fate, that brings gifts one day late—
To lay at feet gone thro' Death's postern-gate!

FANNY DRISCOLL.

A CLOUDED NAME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS."

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED).

CHRISTAL had followed her cousin a few steps as he moved on, and, as she said these last words, she laid a light touch on his arm and dropped her voice to a confidential whisper which excluded Feena. Christal was the sort of woman with whom it was very pleasant to have a confidence, and Georgie went on with a murmured "All right," and without suspecting any deeper meaning in the emphasized words.

Then Christal caught Feena and kissed her affectionately before she had time to defend herself. Nobody could say that Christal was not always sweet and charming to her own sex; her graces and fascinations were not reserved for the masculine gender alone, as are some women's.

"I wonder," said Feena to Janet, when the sisters were shut into their own room that night, "what Christie means by that phrase which has taken such hold of papa—that she means to 'do something' with her life? I should like to know—wouldn't you, Janet?—what is in Christie's mind which has to do with her life?"

Feena was standing before the looking-glass, brushing the long waving tresses of her brown hair out of the plaits in which they had been wrapped all day.

"Do you suppose papa knows what she means?"

"It's a fine phrase," Feena said, contemptuously, as she tossed a rippling cataract of hair back over her shoulder. "It may be sphinx-like; I fancy it is."

"Feena, why are you so hard on Christie always?" the gentler Janet answered. "She has at least made a good beginning. I feel ashamed sometimes when I look at her; she will have a better account to give of her life than we shall of ours, I think."

"Probably," Feena remarked, dryly. "The Indian, I believe, reckons the success of his life by the number of scalps which hang at his belt. Perhaps Christie's account may be made up in the same way."

"Feena!"

"I have an odd fancy about Christie," said Feena, leaning her elbow on the dressing table and looking straight before her and beyond where Janet sat, fair and plump and dainty, in her white, lace-trimmed dressing-gown. "You have heard of a velvet glove and a hand of steel, Janet. Well, Christie always makes me think of a velvet body with a skeleton of steel inside. It is a queer fancy, is it not?"

"It is—very uncomfortable," said Janet, whose strong point was not command of language.

"She is so soft and smooth," Feena went on, with a laugh—"all velvet and cream. And yet sometimes I can hear the clank of the cruel steel bones underneath. Papa and Georgie would tell you that Christie is all tenderness and softness, all heart and feeling; but I think I know, Janet, that, if she once gripped anything—a heart, say—that she had set her mind upon, she would crush it into quivering atoms rather than let it go from her again."

"Feena, don't say such horrid things!" remonstrated Janet, getting up and shivering. "And of Christie, too! It does not seem right."

"No, it doesn't seem right," Feena assented, with some show of relenting; "we won't do it. But there are horrid things all about us just now. I declare I am getting to be afraid of my own shadow; and perhaps my imagination is scarcely fair upon poor Christie in consequence. Let's go to bed."

Meanwhile Sir James Armstrong and his son watched in the sick-room; and, when the patient next opened his eyes, it was upon the familiar apparition of his friend and "chum," Georgie.

"Armstrong! Is it you, old fellow?" he exclaimed, stretching out a rather shaky hand to greet him. "Then the whole thing was a dream—the pretty nurse, and—all the rest—and I am in the old quarters, after all! What has happened to me? Have I been seedy?"

"Rather," responded his friend, laconically; "and, look here, Mervyn, the pretty nurse was not a dream, but a reality. She has laid her commands upon me not to allow you to talk. She is commanding officer here, you know. You are to drink beef-tea and to go to sleep—a rather limited programme, but all the easier to follow."

"Tell me one thing—what is the matter with me?"

"Well, you have had a knock on the head—rather a hard knock," Georgie intimated.

"How did I get it?"

"That's the point," returned his friend, "which I think the commanding officer was particular we should not enter upon just at present. More beef-tea? No! Then more sleep! I believe those are the only alternatives she mentioned. Good-night, old fellow!"

Georgie shifted the lamp and sat himself down resolutely, with folded arms and closed eyes, to discourage all attempt at conversation—Sir James was already slumbering soundly in the depths of Christal's armchair behind the screen. Tempest Mervyn lay quiet, searching, groping still in the dim, clouded depths of his consciousness for the explanation Armstrong would not give. His eyes wandered round the room. Georgie, sleeping, or pretending to sleep, in a carved, high-backed chair, was the only familiar object. The ancestor, graceful, magnificent, with James I. curls overshadowing his narrow forehead, and a steel breast-plate worn incongruously—inconveniently it struck Tempest, with the irrelevance of sick thought—over a satin doublet, the high, old-fashioned bureau, the diamond paned windows plainly patterned by the moonlight upon the white blinds—all these did not belong to the hut at Aldershot—although Georgie did.

"Armstrong," said Mervyn, suddenly, "one question—only one. Where am I?"

"You are at Woodford Priory—my father's place," Georgie answered, succinctly.

"How the deuce did I come here?"

"Number two trenches on forbidden ground too—commanding officer!" Georgie grunted, sleepily.

Tempest shut his eyes upon the flickering shadows, upon the obtrusive presence of the ancestor, whose black bead-like eyes were beginning to haunt him, and went back resolutely to a point in the mists of his mind from which perhaps he could not find his road again.

He is at St. Cloud, wandering in the sweet April sunshine, beneath the budding trees, with Estelle, looking down upon the lovely face, clasping the yielding hands. That at least is real, true. She is promising him to be faithful, to wait, to trust.

"Though guilt and shame were on thy name, I'd still be true."

What is this foolish refrain which comes all unbidden into his mind now, as it did once before? It buzzes about his brain like a wasp, it fills his ears, it comes back again and again, until the repetition wearies, nauseates him. "Though guilt and shame," Tush! How a line of poetry will torment one at times!

What came next after St. Cloud and Estelle? Dearest, sweetest Estelle! How exquisitely lovely she looked when he saw her last, with that brown hat set on her graceful little head and the violet eyes looking up at him through misty tears—tears of sorrow for the parting from him. Give her up! Break his engagement! His father—the duke—Madame de Rougemont! His mind was all abroad again; he brought it back with an effort to the track. What was that about giving up his engagement? His father! He remembered now; he met him on the railway after the crossing and the fog, and—and—he was on the heels of the truth now, following it up. It was as if he suddenly turned a corner and met it face to face.

"Armstrong, Armstrong! Great heaven, what is it? Did I—He was violent, outrageous, insulting—did we fight, he and I—the old man? Oh, heaven—my father, too! Did he strike me? He threatened it, I know. Did I—lose—my—senses, Armstrong, and—Merciful powers! am I losing them now? I saw him dead—dead!"

His voice, faint and slow at first, had risen to a wild, half-hysterical shriek; he was sitting up in the bed clutching the air with his clinched hands; a great horror was in his wild eyes, a ghastly dread in his drawn, pallid face. The two men, father and son, who had started up at his first cry, stood, one on either side of the bed, staring across at each other, scared for the moment out of all self-possession.

"Though guilt and shame were on thy name,"

gasped Mervyn, going back to the haunting line. "Armstrong, is this what you would not tell me? No"—with a strong shudder—"it is not possible! Not even his provocation! Heaven, how he spoke of—of her! I would have killed any other man who had dared to do so. But he was my father: I was nearly mad, I know; I have such a temper, too—and he roused it. But, Armstrong, Georgie, tell me—I was not so mad as—as—that? Speak, man, quick, or I shall go mad now!"

It was the younger Armstrong who recovered himself first. He bent over his friend.

"Mervyn, lie down again," he said, in a tone of authority. "This is another of your bad dreams. Father, shut the door and lock it; that woman has heard, and she is coming. Mervyn, look here; this is what has happened to you. You were coming up from Folkestone in the boat-train; it ran off the rails near here; there was an awful smash—an accident, in fact. You were hurt, and the general is—dead!"

"Killed? Thank heaven!" ejaculated Tempest, falling back upon his pillow with a great sob. "Then I—did not kill him?"

"You saw him afterwards," Georgie said, evasively, "just before you went off yourself. The sight haunted you, no doubt. Here, drink this"—holding a draught to his lips; "and, Mervyn, now that I have disobeyed orders and told you all this, keep quiet and don't talk in this wild way before the women—the nurses, I mean. It may shock them, you know."

"Yes, yes, I understand. There is no fear now that that horror has been lifted off me. Poor old boy! I wish—I wish, Armstrong, that we had parted differently."

"Hush!" said Georgie, warningly. "Will you open the door, sir?"—to his father. "I suppose we must let her in."

The nurse was knocking; she came in, with an anxious look towards the bed.

"I thought I heard my patient, and that you might want me," she said.

"He has been a little excited; but he is quiet again," Sir James answered. "We shall

do very well now, I think. It is a pity you were disturbed."

The woman—she was a trained hospital nurse from a London institution—felt the patient's pulse and shook her head over it.

"I had better come back to him," she said. "The pulse has gone up to one hundred and twenty."

"Yes," remarked Georgie Armstrong, "he had a bad dream"—with a meaning look at Mervyn. "He seems all right again now. I'll finish the night with him. Sir James will go to bed; won't you, sir?"

The nurse hesitated; but the patient seemed calm again, and she had watched three nights in succession and was tired.

"If he should dream again, there is a sedative draught here, sir; Mr. Cooper left it," she said, looking for the bottle. "Oh, you have given it! My room is at the end of the corridor; you will call me if he should be restless? I am easily awakened."

And Georgie Armstrong drew a deep breath as she closed the door behind her.

CHAPTER VI.

AT St. Cloud it was still Spring, and the sun was shining. It was shining warm and bright upon Estelle Verney as she stood at her window. She had thrown open its two lace-draped *balcons* to let in the golden flood in all its glory, and the joyous stream was bathing her hands and kissing her beautiful hair.

Down below Monsieur Dutertre, in his ochre-colored blouse, was sauntering round, examining the ivy and well-kept greenery in his little garden—for he was *propriétaire* as well as *concierge* here. There was not much to look at in the few square yards of space inclosed within four ivy-covered walls—just a half-dozen or so of rose-trees, only budding as yet, and a few tufts of gray lavender and shabby, half-starved camomile, set in the little box-bordered beds, and a row of small-leaved evergreen shrubs in green tubs ranged on either side of the steps leading into the house. But Monsieur Dutertre, who was *fleur* to the backbone, found a good deal apparently to interest him in these unpromising materials.

Up above, Estelle had a wider view. Beyond the large green-shuttered house to the right ran the broad, blue-gray Seine, with the sunshine sparkling and dancing over it. Little steamboats, glancing red and green, like big, brightly-colored hummingbirds in the sun, gay and bright, as everything French must needs be, plied merrily to and fro with a little splash and bustle. Over beyond the sun-sprinkled water, the opposite shore showed trim and green, and beyond the roofs of Boulogne the dense brown tree-waves of the Bois closed in and fringed the view. Estelle stood gazing over beyond the tufted horizon of trees, with a great wistful longing looking out of the violet depths of her eyes. Dutertre, glancing up at her, drew up his tongue with the little "click" which expresses French pity and concern, and said to himself:

"Ah, the *pauvre petite*! She is waiting for the post. She looks always for the letter which does not come. The fine young gentleman had the air of being so earnest, so devoted, too! Can it be that the English are *volage*? Or, is it perhaps, that madame will the letter should not come? Monsieur le Duc is rich; he adores mademoiselle, as is plain to be seen; and the handsome Englishman is not a good *parti*, Mademoiselle Florine says. Ah, but madame knows best her affairs, and the *pauvre petite* is but young!"

Dutertre laid his finger on the side of his nose reflectively and sagaciously, and shrugged his shoulders. He was inquisitive and officious, but sympathetic withal; moreover, he was kept in excellent order by the work-worn, capable wife who had always taken the burden of the house upon her spare bent shoulders. Her sad lean face looked out now from the house-door, and her sharp, high-pitched voice called to the overgrown *gamin* who loved play so much better than work:

"Jean, Jean, what doest thou there, loitering like an imbecile as thou art? And, behold, the letters for madame wait for thee!"

A pile of letters and papers were in her hand. Estelle's heart beat fast as she heard Dutertre's slippers feet run lightly up the stairs. Going to the door to meet him, she took the pile from his hand; but she did not attempt to sort it until the *concierge* had concluded his profuse morning civilities and had gone his way again. Then she turned back into her room and looked through the heap, growing whiter and whiter as she looked.

It was true, then, that he did not write! She had had a little ghost of a suspicion—after the manner of Dutertre—that perhaps Madame de Rougemont might be responsible for this strange, inexplicable silence which was wearing her heart out. She was ashamed of this suspicion now that she had seen for herself that no letter really came.

She had had only one letter from him in all her life; their sweet love-story had all been told in spoken words, in blissful interviews, each one marked in her memory. Yet she knew the bold, clear handwriting; she could never mistake it for any other. It was not there amongst all that heap of unimportant correspondence—she had seen that at a glance. It was now nearly a fortnight since he had gone away, yet there had come but one letter from him—the long, lover like, ardent epistle with which he broke through madame's prohibition, scribbled in pencil during his night-journey, and posted at Folkestone immediately after his arrival. Since that there had been nothing. She had tormented herself night and day with fears of everything excepting his love and constancy. It did not enter her mind to doubt these—happily for her. Her own faith and love were too strong.

Now, as she sat with the heap of letters in her lap—all madame's notes of invitation, milliners' bills, announcements of *fêtes*, two or three newspapers—one English—an envelope

with a big coronet in purple and gold over the monogram "E. G."—she lost herself—lost even her disappointment in living over again the last happy, wonderful year of her life. She was going through her love-story, feeling the magical touch which had changed her whole existence into a very Paradise of sweetness and beauty.

A year ago her life-fate came to her. A year before that she had thought she could never be happy again when she lost the mother by whom her childhood had been carefully guarded and tenderly nurtured, and great changes had come to her therefrom—greater than she had ever dreamt of as possible even. She was an only child, and her mother, nearly heart-broken by the death of her husband, had then retired to a quiet country place, presided over by the husband of a dear old school-friend, and had devoted herself to the training of her child, holding in her retirement little or no intercourse with the few relatives she possessed, and least of all with Madame de Rougemont, her husband's sister.

Madame had resided for many years in France, and her sister-and-law and she were strangers to each other. Their lives, their tastes, habits, feelings, were all apart. Mrs. Verney loved her quiet English home. Madame de Rougemont could exist only in excitement and gaiety. Yet, when Mrs. Verney died very suddenly, and madame heard that her orphan daughter was left alone, she sent her maid over with many pretty messages and written offers of a home, affection and all the delights of a life in Paris—"the ante-chamber of Paradise," as its votaries call it—to her young niece. The last inducement did not weigh much with the young girl, heart-broken at the first great sorrow of her life, but the first two did; and, after a consultation with her mother's friend, Clara Wilmer, she decided to accept her aunt's offer.

"I wish you could stay with us, dear," the rector's wife had said; "but the children are noisy, I know"—apologetically—"and there are a great many of them, and it is a dull, buried sort of an existence here for a young thing like you. It is very different for me, you know; I have my family—and John. But for you, all the world is before you. And John thinks it is right that you should accept this offer. You ought to know your father's relatives—they have a claim on you, he says. Madame de Rougemont has no children; she writes that she is lonely; you may be a dear comfort to her, Estelle—I know you will be. And your duty is first to your own people, John says"—John being always Clara's oracle. "And, oh, my darling"—breaking down into tears—"I am sorry to let you go! But I suppose it is right."

So Estelle, thus speeded, went, quitting little Hawarden and all the friends of her childhood with bitter, blinding tears, followed by the envy of some, the good wishes of all. When she got to her new home, she wondered what had made her aunt send for her; she seemed so out of place with her sad heart and her mourning garb in madame's gay *salon*—so much in the way in madame's restless, self-absorbed life.

But madame knew her affairs, as Dutertre had remarked. She had heard of the beauty of her brother's child; she knew what the prestige of the chaperonage of a young and beautiful girl, with just sufficient dowry to prevent her being absolutely ineligible in French society, was worth. She had grown tired; she wanted a new excitement, a new interest in her life, and Estelle offered it at the right moment.

"It is the most exquisite face in the world!" she exclaimed to herself, when Estelle emerged from her traveling-wraps and submitted herself to the inspection of her new relative. "She is graceful, too, perfectly unconscious and well trained—a gentlewoman at the first glance. All she wants is a French toilet and a little less English reserve and stiffness. There is a charming simplicity about her and a freshness which is positively adorable. Those complexions of pearl and rose-leaves do not exist out of England. She will make quite a sensation here."

"My aunt is kindness itself," Estelle wrote to Clara Wilmer. "She received me in the most affectionate way. It made me cry a little; but she seemed to understand. Her home is very beautiful. I have never seen anything so charming; it is like a fairy-tale. And she is beautiful, too; and one likes beautiful things. I wonder darling mother never knew Aunt Estelle; she says she has been so lonely in a foreign country away from all her relatives. But, I suppose, having married a Frenchman, she was obliged to adopt his country whilst he lived, and, after his death, had grown accustomed to it, and preferred it. Certainly it is very gay and bright and beautiful here; but, oh, I love dear Hawarden best, and I think of you all and of that dear, dear spot under the yew-tree a hundred times a day! You and little Dorothy will not forget to water the forget-me nots, will you?"

"Her heart is right," Clara Wilmer said, as she handed the letter to her husband. "I was a little jealous when I read about the beautiful aunt and the beautiful home—jealous for the dead mother, I mean, and a little bit perhaps for myself," looking round on her shabby carpets, worn by children's feet, and her faded curtains. "I could not bear Estelle to forget, or to like the flesh-pots of Egypt best. I should feel as if our own Dorothy had been unfaithful."

"I am glad she can be happy there," the vicar remarked.

"And so am I," said his wife, heartily. And Estelle was happy, in spite of tender memories and yearning regrets and oft-awakening tears; for Paris was like a scene of enchantment, and madame was kind and caressing, and the German Spa, where they spent the Summer amongst various nationalities and in the heart of a picturesque region, was full

of charm and novelty for the young girl. She wrote long accounts of everything and of everybody back to Hawarden, colored by her enthusiasm and by the unsuspecting faith of her youth and inexperience, and her friends were satisfied for her. Then her first year of mourning being over, madame brought her back to Paris, and introduced her into society. She was a great success, and madame was triumphant. Young *attachés* went mad after her, susceptible Frenchmen were at her feet. *La belle Anglaise* was the centre of attraction at every *salon* and *soirée* of the season. Her charming simplicity, her fresh, exquisite beauty, her grace and sweetness, took the hearts of men by storm. Madame de Rougemont, according to the French matrimonial etiquette, received in as many months half a dozen proposals of marriage for her beautiful niece, and rejected them all. For madame knew that better things than any of these would come by-and-by, and she could afford to wait; she was in no hurry. Such beauty as Estelle's was worth a coronet; and under Madame de Rougemont's chaperonage, such a prize was quite within her reach, as madame justly calculated.

Estelle, quite unconscious of her aunt's designs and aspirations, enjoyed the novelty and beauty of all around her; and if her heart beat a little at her own triumphs, it was scarcely to be wondered at. *Attachés*, secretaries of legation, foreign diplomats, officers with more decorations than she could count, rich idle men about town, all knocked at that heart in vain. She came out of the ordeal fancy-free, and with a little air of the great world grafted on to her simplicity, which made her more *piquante* and attractive than ever.

Then, just after Easter, at a ball given by the English ambassador, her fate came to her in the form of Tempest Mervyn. He was spending a fortnight's leave with a cousin, one of the smitten *attachés*—"the forlorn hopes," as somebody called them—and went lightly enough to his doom.

"Who is that young lady?" he asked, catching his friend by the button-hole as he was hurrying past in the performance of his duties. "Introduce me."

"Which young lady?"

"That one in white silk and violets—*Napoleonists*, I presume."

"That?" "Oh," stammered young Alwyn, "that—she is not French!"

"No? I am glad of it," Mervyn rejoined, relieved to find that his Rugby French would not be called into requisition. "Present me, Alwyn."

"No use if I do," protested the *attaché*, with perhaps a foreboding of his fate. "She is sure to be engaged ten deep."

"I mean to try my luck," Mervyn said, "all the same."

And he did, and was fortunate enough to obtain a waltz a long way down in the list. He went home to his hotel that night more forlorn than the forlornest hope he had been pleasant over a few hours before. He haunted the Bois every afternoon, he almost ruined himself with *fiacres*, rushing from ball to reception and from reception to the opera or theatre in the same night, for a glimpse of the lovely face which disturbed his dreams, a smile from the sweet lips which haunted his days. He left Paris at the end of the fourteen days, deeply, desperately, despairingly in love.

"My dear fellow, you are a 'gone coon'!" Stanley Alwyn said to him. "Pon my soul, I'm sorry for you! I knew how it would be when you would court destruction. We've no chance, you and I." Alwyn was not of a sanguine disposition. "We poor wretches of subalterns and *attachés* are nowhere in this sort of thing."

Mervyn flushed furiously at the speech, but said nothing. He got another month's leave late in the summer, and caused Madame de Rougemont quite a disagreeable sensation by appearing at lach, where madame was taking sulphur and salt baths for the benefit of her complexion, and where there were such opportunities for the sort of *à fresco* flirtation which was the very thing to entangle a girl's affections and ruin her prospects in life. Madame said to herself crossly:

"Estelle is such a child! She is quite capable of throwing away everything for what a foolish girl calls love. Pah! Love is for children, love is for fools—a valuable agent perhaps in the hands of the woman who knows how to use it to gain what it may purchase for her. But for the rest, a dream, a folly, a delusion and a snare. Estelle is meant for something better than to fall in love with a poor subaltern; that must be nipped in the bud. Such a brilliant career as she has before her! Even I never had such a chance," concluded madame, sighing over her lost youth and waning beauty, with a poignant regret that she had not made more of the marketable advantages whilst they were both in their full tide.

What was to be done? How were the meetings in the Kurhaus Gardens, where all the world met in the afternoons to eat ices and hear the band play, to be prevented? How was that ubiquitous young man to be excluded from the promenades in the covered green alley—where the musquitoes were so rampant—at the other end of the town, the drives, the picnics, and excursions in which everybody joined or at which everybody met? Madame was too diplomatic and too wise to hinder these meetings or to forbid them; she took refuge in flight. She gave her complexion, her course of treatment, her health—all—for an ungrateful girl who had already done what madame had sacrificed so much to prevent—committed the egregious and damaging folly of falling in love with an ineligible.

Such weary pains, too, as madame took, dodging the disadvantageous *partis* and spoiling her summer tour, enduring a week of August heat in Vienna, boring herself in out-of-the-way mountain places, trying to wear out the patience and the leave of that irrepressible

young officer, who persisted in turning up in the most unexpected places, always with the most natural pretense of surprise at finding madame and mademoiselle there before him. Madame deserved great credit for not losing her temper or her invariable politeness and graciousness of demeanor in these trying circumstances. As for the amount of bribing of lady's maids, couriers and railway officials, the difficulties surmounted by the pursuivant lover, the tact, energy and perseverance brought to bear on this successful pursuit—they were worthy of the campaign, and, at last, they were rewarded. Madame, in her line of retreat, had encamped for the night on ground which was surely safe from the enemy, she thought—a little hotel on the top of a pass in Tyrol. Estelle had strolled forth to look up at the encircling mountain-tops, rosy with the flush of sunset, and down at the frowning gray peaks and dark, billowy crests of pine wood. She sat down on a boulder of rock just within the shade of a little knoll of pine-trees. There a tiny stream came dancing down from its glacier-cradle above, singing as it came hurrying to join the noisy tumbling rush of the torrent in the gorge below. The rosy sunset light flushed through the little wood, illuminating the dark aisles of pine and making the shadows darker and more deep beyond, where the sweeping branches showed like blue-black plumes in the twilight perspective.

(To be continued.)

THE YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL.

THE preparations for the Yorktown Centennial are going actively forward, and the celebration promises to be in every way worthy of the occasion and the event it commemorates. The exercises will begin on Thursday, October 6th, and continue until the 21st, inclusive, and additional wharves are being constructed at Yorktown for the accommodation of the thousands who will be taken thither by chartered vessels. For the accommodation of the Executive officers of the Government, members of the Cabinet, the Congressional Commission, and distinguished guests, a reception building, 100 feet long and 60 feet wide, is being built. It will contain a room for the commission, one for the Secretary of State, and one for ladies, but a large part of the space will be taken up for purposes of entertainment. This building is only a few feet from the site. In addition the commission has rented the old Nelson House, which is undergoing thorough repair, and is said to be intended for the French guests. Work is all going forward under the personal superintendence of Major L. C. Forsyth, of the Quartermaster's Department, who has taken up his quarters at Yorktown. In addition to these preparations by the Congressional Commission, the Yorktown Centennial Association, composed of well-known citizens of the thirteen original States, is aiding the commission. It has purchased the Temple farm, and tendered its use for camping-ground. It has also renovated and repaired, from cellar to garret, the Moore House, which is on the Temple farm. It will be handsomely carpeted and papered by New York and Philadelphia merchants and tendered to the Congressional Commission for use by its guests. It was in this house the articles of capitulation were considered and agreed to. The Association is also about to erect a building, 260 by 64 feet, for hotel purposes, designed to accommodate 1,000 persons with beds.

The encampment for United States troops and State Military and Masonic societies will be, as stated, on the Temple farm, about a mile and a half distant from the monument site. It is an open field, nearly level, but with sufficient undulation for proper drainage and well adapted to army encampment. In position the regulars will occupy the right of the field, and General Hancock's headquarters will be here. The same ground was occupied by Washington's line 100 years ago, and by General McClellan's army in 1862. On this field from 1,200 to 1,500 tents, each sheltering fifteen men, and furnished by the War Department, will be erected. Fresh water in ample quantity will be supplied from Wormley's Creek. It will be raised into tanks by two engines of 30-horse power each, and distributed throughout the camp, for which purpose 10,000 feet of pipe will be used. It is estimated that about 25,000 military and 6,000 Masons will be in tents.

We give to-day two illustrations—one of a street scene in Yorktown, and another of the site of Cornwallis's Cave, to which the British commander is said to have resorted during the battle for the purpose of conference with his officers. The "cave" is a prominent point of interest to all visitors.

It is announced that the arrangements for the religious services to be held on Sunday, October 16th, in connection with the centennial observances, have now been completed. The services will be held in the large pavilion on the field, and in the morning Bishop King, the Catholic Bishop of Virginia, will officiate. The choir will be that of the St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church, of Philadelphia, in which the officers and soldiers of the French Army attended High Mass 100 years ago while on their march to the headquarters of the Elk, and also on their return march after the victory at Yorktown. The morning service has been assigned to the Roman Catholic Church because his most Christian Majesty, Louis XVI., had nearly twice the number of troops in the field at the siege of Yorktown than the colonists had, and they were all Catholics. The afternoon service will be conducted by the Protestant denominations, and the Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York City, who is now in Europe, has been invited to officiate.

THE RECAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.

OF late years there has been an increasing interest displayed in the reunions of veterans of the war, by reason of the attempts to invest these occasions with a more realistic character. In guard-mounting and other prescribed duties, the veterans live over again the life of the actual camp, while the sham engagements produce something of the excitement of the field of deadly action. This season we have noted two novelties in the way of reproducing the events of the war. One was the sham trial and execution of a deserter, performed by the members of various Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, Department of New Jersey, at last week's gathering on Union Hill. The other is the subject of an illustration—the storming and capture of Fort Donelson, enacted at the great reunion at Bloomington, Ill., on September 9th.

A Confederate flag was hoisted over the extemporized works, and there was considerable skirmishing the night before the attack. At four o'clock the battle began. Line of battle was formed in the grassy plain lying north of Sugar Creek. Five companies of the First Cavalry, of Chicago, dismounted, were sent on the extreme right of our line. One gun of Battery B, of Chicago, was placed to their left. These forces were commanded by Colonel Koch, of Chicago. The left wing was formed of the First Brigade McLean Volunteer Veterans, Lieutenant Colonel Heritage commanding, Whittier Post No. 7,

of the Grand Army of Chicago, and one gun of Battery B, of Chicago. The guns of Battery C, Joliet and A, of Danville, were placed on a gentle elevation in the rear. The enemy had a strong force under the command of that noted soldier, General Peter Wallace, known to the Army of Sugar Creek as the fighting parson of Tuffy. The First Butternut Veterans of McLean County, commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Holloway, held the enemy's right and the rifle-pits; sharpshooters were perched among the foliage of every one of the massive cottonwoods that stand between the glades of Donelson and the city sewer. Their location became known by the puffs of blue smoke that now and then darted swiftly from their rifles. On the enemy's left were three companies of the Twelfth Regiment I. N. G. General Hilliard commanded Fort Donelson, while the chief of artillery, with the noted artilleryists of the command, stood by the four guns from Franklin Park.

The battle opened by the enemy sending out a force of skirmishers in front of the cordon of rifle pits. They stealthily advanced to a position just south of the creek. A line of skirmishers from the Union lines was also advanced. All was quiet, and the assembled multitudes of citizens, who had flocked to witness the battle from the heights to the north of the field, were breathless with excitement.

As far as possible all the details of the memorable engagement were observed. The commander of the Union forces demanded the surrender of the works, while the Confederate general returned an unqualified refusal. The fighting again began. After prolonged skirmishing, the left wing, headed by Whittier Post, Grand Army of the Republic, and the C. & A. machine shops company of the veterans, dashed across the plain, over the creek, up the hill, and in less time than it takes to tell the Confederate flag was hauled down.

After the capture there were sham removals of wounded, burials of the dead, and paroling of the prisoners. It was estimated that fully 50,000 people from Illinois and neighboring States witnessed this interesting feature of the reunion.

BURNING OF EXPOSITION BUILDINGS AT KANSAS CITY, MO.

A FIRE broke out on the afternoon of the 14th instant at the grounds of the Exposition Association at Kansas City, Mo., which precipitated a panic, destroyed a large amount of property, and, strange to say, left fully 20,000 people unscorched. The flames started in the west end of the main hall, a large wooden structure covering over half an acre. The hall was densely crowded, and at once a panic seized upon the multitude. All efforts to quiet the excited and terror-stricken people were of no avail, and in their confusion they rushed hither and thither, trampling each other down, while shrieks and groans filled the air.

A strong wind was blowing, and the fire spread with wonderful rapidity, quickly communicating to the surrounding buildings. In an almost incredibly short space of time the main building, with all its contents, was an unsightly heap of ashes. The flames leaped across the avenue to Newspaper Row, quickly swallowing up the buildings of the *Times*, *Journal* and *Star*, the secretary's office and a number of refreshment stands in that vicinity.

They next attacked the grand stand, in which not less than twelve thousand people were seated at the time watching the races. Corbin's Bashaw had just won the second heat in the 2:25 race in 2:19, when the alarm reached that point, and, quicker than it can be told, a rush was made for the track. As the fire was coming from the west, and the flames and smoke were blowing directly upon it, the jockeys had no time to remove their horses from the track by the usual way, and fences were quickly broken down, and horses, jockeys and struggling men, women and children rushed, a huge mass, toward the eastern part of the grounds.

There were no facilities for extinguishing the fire at hand, and it did not stop until there was no more material for it to feed upon. The Fire Department went to the grounds, but could not reach there in time to be of any service. It had to lay 1,500 feet of hose to get water. The money, etc., of the association was saved from the secretary's office in Power Hall. The losses will foot up fully \$55,000, distributed among various exhibitors. The Exposition Company loses about \$25,000 on the buildings.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The King and Queen of Italy formally opened the Geographical Congress at Venice, September 15th. M. Ferdinand de Lesseps delivered the inaugural speech.

The American Pomological Society began its eighteenth annual session in Boston, September 14th. Marshall P. Wilder, who has been the president of the society over thirty years, delivered an address welcoming the delegates to the city.

An Official Investigation shows that the phylloxera infests an area of over 8,000 square metres of the vineyards at Heimerheim, near Remagen, on the Rhine. The diseased vines were imported from Austria. Energetic steps are being taken for the annihilation of the disease.

At the Exhibition now being held in Japan, an interesting feature is the successful use of paper-belt in the machinery hall. The Japanese have long been celebrated for their manufacture of some exceedingly tough descriptions of paper, and it is stated that the paper-belt has been tested and found much stronger than ordinary leather.

The Triple Granite Concentric Yarn of the St. Gothard Tunnel, in the quicksand formation under Andermatt, is now completed, and as the rings previously constructed remain intact, it is confidently hoped that a difficulty at one time thought to be insuperable has been conquered, and that the great tunnel will be finished by the end of October.

A Telegraphic Experiment of a singular description was tried recently at the Trocadero. It consists merely in the reading of large silvered zinc letters, a square metre in size, fixed on a blackened board, by refracting telescopes. This method has succeeded very well from the Trocadero to the Pantheon, a distance of about three miles. The inventor, an officer in the French service, thinks he will succeed in reading messages at a distance of sixty miles under favorable circumstances.

It sometimes becomes necessary to remove certain morbid growths in the throat and elsewhere, and for this purpose a stick of fused nitrate of silver secured in a quill is generally employed. Unfortunately, it not infrequently happens that the caustic breaks off and slips down the throat. To prevent this a Russian surgeon melts together five parts nitrate of silver and one part nitrate of lead. This composition does not break easily, and can be sharpened like a lead pencil. It should be fastened in a quill made of metallic aluminium, which is not corroded by the caustic as metallic silver is.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company and the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company have united in putting a scientific exploring expedition into the field for the purpose of examining into the mineral, agricultural and other resources of the territory tributary to the two companies between Lake Superior and the Pacific Coast. Professor Raphael Pumpelly, until now in charge of the coal and iron department of the last national census, has been appointed chief of the expedition, and he has already started for Montana for the examination of the principal mining districts in that Territory. The work of the expedition will extend through several years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SENOR ALTAMIRANO, the Ministerial candidate, has been elected President of the Mexican Congress by an overwhelming majority.

PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON has decided to renounce his claim to the leadership of the Bonapartists in favor of his son, Prince Victor.

THE trial of Senator Sessions on the charge of bribery has been postponed until November, and that of Messrs. Barber and Phelps until January next.

GENERAL IGATIEFF has been appointed Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs. Prince Lobanoff will probably succeed him as Minister of the Interior.

THE name of the Republican candidate who was elected Mayor of San Francisco is Maurice C. Blais. He was recently Judge of the Municipal Criminal Court.

MISS MARGARET HICKS is said to be the first lady who has adopted the profession of architecture. She was graduated recently from the course in architecture at Cornell University.

THE will of the late Lorenzo Delmonico bequeaths all his estate of \$1,920,000 to his relative, with the exception of \$5,000, given to the Orphan Asylum of St. Vincent de Paul, in New York City.

THE present Princess of Egypt, the Khédive's only wife, is a cultivated and liberal-minded woman. She received a European education, and her children are brought up by English governesses and in English ways.

THE fact that Bishop Riley of the Protestant Episcopal Church is wealthy is a felicitous circumstance for the work in Mexico, of which he has charge. He has thus far spent out of his own means \$70,000 for this work.

It is announced on good authority that Lieutenant Governor Tabor of Colorado will next winter found an extensive public library at Denver, to be liberally endowed; the building to cost \$200,000, and to contain 100,000 volumes to start with.

THE New York Board of Aldermen has confirmed the following nominations made by Mayor Grace: James Matthews for Police Commissioner, George Caulfield for Commissioner of Jurors, Henry D. Purroy as Fire Commissioner, John R. Voorhis as Dock Commissioner, and J. Nelson Tappan for City Chamberlain.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILLIAM DE BODISCO, *attaché* of the Imperial Russian Guard, has just been married at Yokohama to Miss Alicia Josephine Savage, of San Francisco. The ceremony took place at the residence of the Russian Consul-general, and the bride was given away by the German Minister, Von Eisenacker.

MCHEAL, Archbishop of Tuam, christened by O'Connell the "Lion of the Fold of Judah," is now ninety-one, and since the death of Pius IX., who was of the same age, is the oldest Catholic bishop in the world. He resides at the palace in Tuam. He is, physically, not strong, but takes an eager interest in both religious and national affairs. During the famine year he received, wholly unsolicited, from all parts of the world, chiefly America, \$140,000, which he distributed at an expense of \$25.

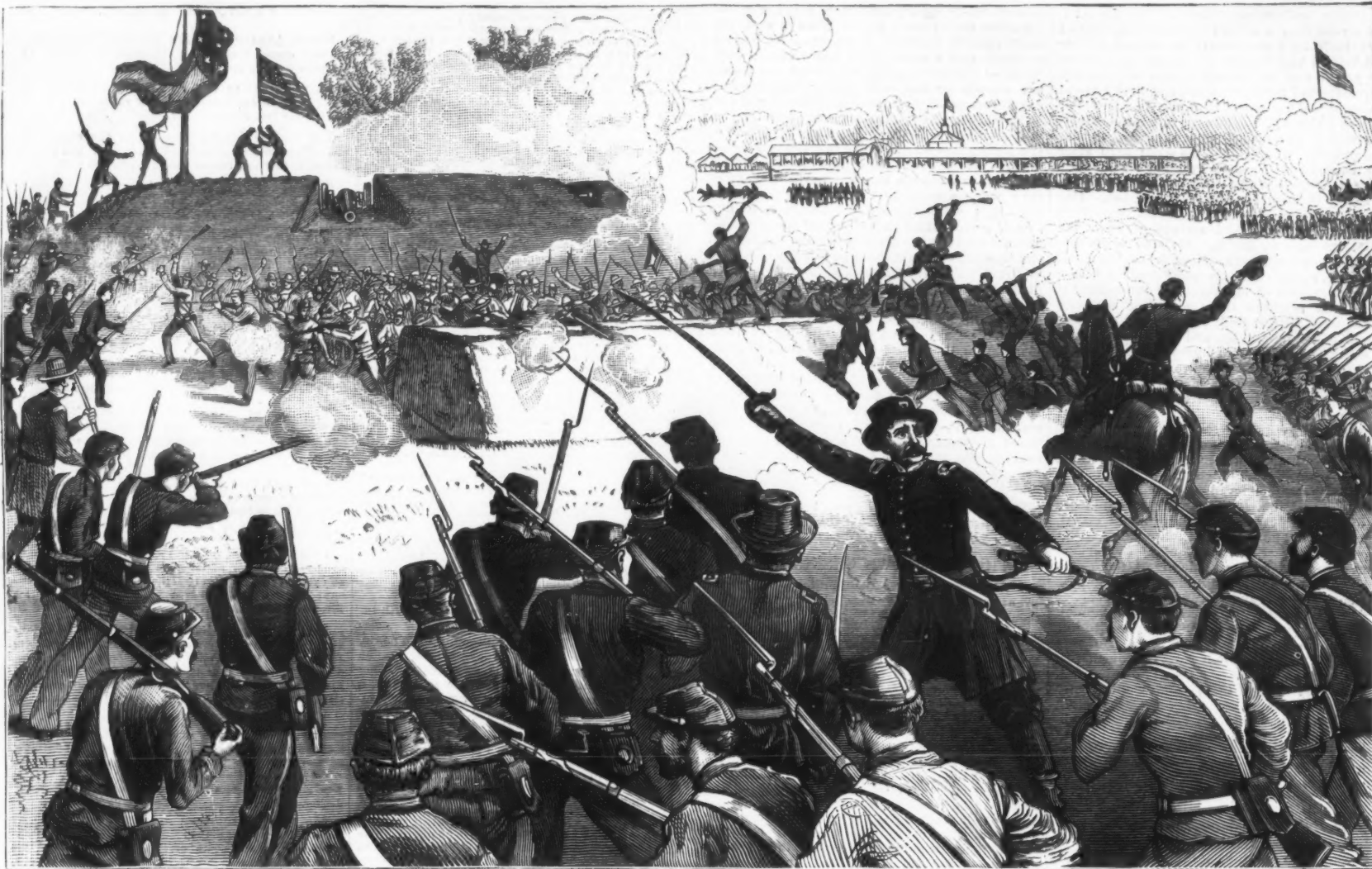
THE removal of Sitting Bull and his band of Indians from the Standing Rock Agency has been safely accomplished. Sitting Bull had been very defiant, and said he would rather die than go to Fort Randall; but the band was surrounded by a square of soldiers, and forced, step by step, down the bank and into the boat, which then started down the river to Fort Randall. A nephew of Sitting Bull made some resistance, and was knocked down with the butt end of a musket. A squaw of the band, rendered desperate by the removal, killed her child and tried to commit suicide.

A CABLE dispatch from Rome announces that the Rev. Harry P. Aloysius Northrop, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Charleston, S. C., has been appointed to a See in some of the regions devastated by the Turks, and made Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina. Father Northrop, of that honorable family of South Carolina, is in his forty-first year. He made some preparatory studies at Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, but completed them at Rome. Ordained in Rome in 1865, the Bishop of Charleston sent him to Wilmington, N. C., where he remained three years, doing missionary work among the Catholics in North Carolina.

It is understood that the new British Minister to Washington, the Hon. Lionel Sackville, Bart., who is a bachelor, will be accompanied hither by the fair wife of his kinsman, Mr. Cornwallis West, Lord-lieutenant of Denbighshire, who will preside over the Legation for a time. Mrs. Cornwallis West, who is a brilliant and dashing Irishwoman—she was a Miss Fitzpatrick, and is a niece of the Marquis of Headfort—is not only a great "professional" beauty, but one of the liveliest leaders of English society, enlivening her husband's home, Ruthin Castle, with all sorts of dramatic entertainments and merry-makings. She is still a young woman also, born during the Crimean war, as the queer name of Eupatoria, given her by her patriotic parents, bears witness. The new house of the Legation will be "waked up" if she takes charge of it.

IN the Spanish Colonial Office at Madrid a most curious discovery has just been made of a portrait of Columbus—in fact, one made during the life of the great discoverer. The portrait is in a perfect state of preservation, and the inscription is intact. It reads: "Columbus L. gur., novi orbis reperiitor." The portrait represents Columbus at about forty years of age, without any wrinkles on his broad forehead, with dark, thick hair, a brilliant eye and a beaked nose. A first copy, which has been made, has been offered to the Duke of Veragua, a lineal descendant of Columbus. Sub-secretary Correa has ordered another copy to be placed in the Colonial Office. The size of the portrait is half a metre long by forty-two centimetres wide. It is supposed to be by an artist of the end of the fifteenth century.

OBITUARY.—September 10th.—Issac W. Scudder, a prominent lawyer of New Jersey and ex-Member of Congress, at Jersey City, aged 65; Chief Engineer Albert Astor, U. S. N., at the Portsmouth (N. H.) Navy Yard. September 11th.—Rev. Calvin Lincoln, for fifty-five years in the Unitarian Ministry, and pastor of the Hingham (Mass.) Society, of paralysis, developed while praying for the recovery of the President, aged 81; Rev. Cyrus Dickson, late Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, and a delegate to the Pan-Presbyterian Council of 1876, at Edinburgh, aged 65. September 13th.—At Bristol, R. I., General A. E. Burdette, United States Senator, aged 67; Captain K. R. Breese, U. S. N., at Boston, aged 50. September 14th.—At London, Lord Airey, a soldier of fifty years service, aged 78; Viscount Bangor, one of the Irish representative peers, aged 54; at her residence at Baltimore, Madame Susan M. Bonaparte, widow of Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte and daughter-in-law of the late Madame Patterson Bonaparte, aged 69. September 15th.—General William P. Robeson, Collector of the Port of Camden, N. J., and brother of ex-Secretary Robeson, aged 44. September 16th.—Baron Jean Baptiste Northomb, the distinguished B. I. gnan steerman, aged 76.—Dr. William W. Greene, of Portland, Me., a delegate to the late International Medical Congress at London, died and was buried at sea on his return voyage, aged 50.



ILLINOIS.—THE STORMING AND CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON, ILLUSTRATED AT THE REUNION OF VETERANS OF THE WAR, AT BLOOMINGTON, SEPTEMBER 9TH. FROM A SKETCH BY LOU. BURKE.—SEE PAGE 75.

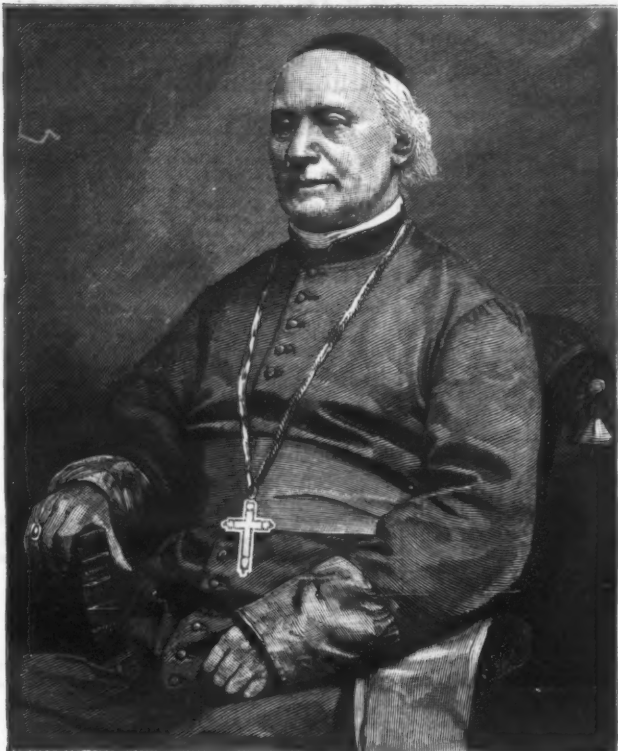


STREET SCENE YORKTOWN.



CORNWALLIS' CAVE.

VIRGINIA.—THE APPROACHING CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT YORKTOWN.—FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 75.



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP HENNI OF MILWAUKEE.

THE LATE
ARCHBISHOP HENNI.

THE Most Reverend John M. Henni, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Milwaukee, who died at his residence on September 7th, was a native of Switzerland, where his early education was begun. Subsequently he repaired to Rome, where he continued his ecclesiastical studies until 1829. In that year he and a fellow-student, by request of the late Bishop Fenwick, of Cincinnati, came to America. Soon after his arrival here, young Henni, who was then in his twenty-fourth year, was sent to Bardonia to prepare for the priesthood. The following year he was ordained by Bishop Fenwick, and assigned to St. Xavier's Church in Cincinnati, where he ministered to the spiritual wants of the German portion of the congregation. In 1832 Bishop Fenwick died, and was succeeded by Archbishop Purcell, who appointed Father Henni Vicar-General. In 1834 the latter built the first German church in Cincinnati, and in the following year visited Rome. On his return he started a German paper and remained its editor for nearly six years. In 1843 a provincial council of the bishops assembled in Baltimore, and Father Henni was nominated by the council as Bishop of the new Diocese of Milwaukee. He was consecrated the following year, 1844, in the Cincinnati

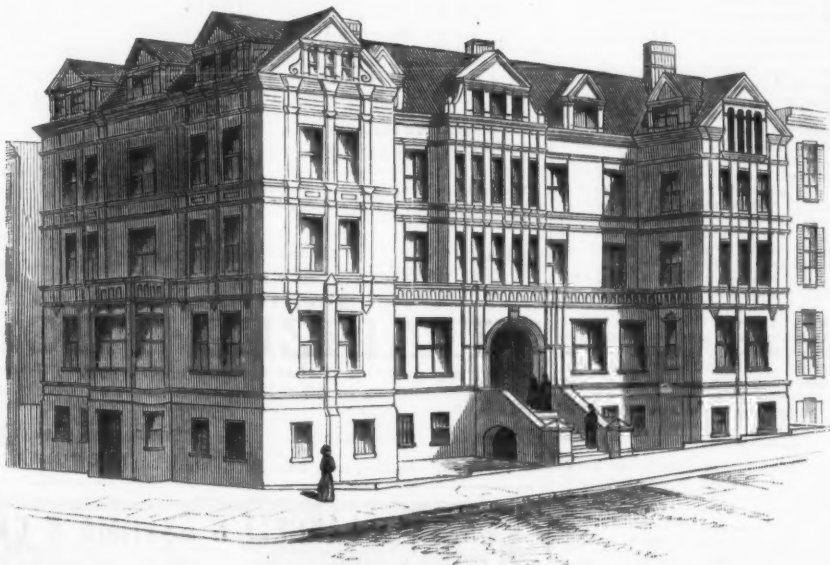
Cathedral, by Archbishop Purcell. Shortly after his consecration he took a trip through the entire diocese. The journey was made in stages, and, though very fatiguing, he never returned home until he had visited every place where a priest was stationed. The whole diocese at that time contained but 8,000 Catholics and six priests. By hard work church after church was erected, new priests were procured, and the number of Catholics steadily increased until at the time of his elevation to the Archbishopric, June 3d, 1875, the diocese contained 293 churches, 17 chapels, 162 secular and 26 regular priests, an ecclesiastical seminary, 2 Capuchin novitiates, 3 male colleges, 4 female academies, 4 orphan asylums, an hospital, a large number of parish schools, and a Catholic population of 250,000 souls.

The ceremony of investing him with the insignia of his high priestly office took place in the Cathedral at Milwaukee, and, among the vast audience and dignitaries of the Church were Monsignor Roncetti, the Papal Alegate, and Dr. Ubaldi.

In the evening there was a grand torchlight procession of all the Catholic societies in the city. It was two miles in length, and there were 5,000 torches. After marching through the principal streets, the procession halted in front of the archbishop's house, when there was a salute of guns and a ringing of the bells of all the Catholic churches in the city. Addresses were read to the Papal Alegate and the archbishop, and responses were made. These exercises were interspersed with music, and at their conclusion the procession separated.

MANHATTAN EYE AND EAR HOSPITAL.

AMONG the structures now in course of erection in New York City is that of the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital, on the corner of Park Avenue and Forty-first Street. The new building, which will be ready for occupancy within the next fortnight, is near the surface and elevated railroads, and, being on the slope of Murray Hill, while it can be easily reached from the quarters of the poor, it enjoys the sanitary advantages of a good, porous soil, and proximity to a quarter where the population is not so dense, nor so indifferent to the laws of health as to create local causes of disease. The cost of the building is about \$120,000. Of this sum \$30,000 had been subscribed up to October 15th last, \$50,000 was borrowed, and about \$35,000 in addition was required to complete the edifice. For all this money the directors depend entirely upon the contributions of charitable gentlemen. The new hospital is brick, relieved by cut stone, and is very substantially built. It has a frontage of 60 feet on Park Avenue, and a depth of 100 feet on Forty-first



NEW YORK CITY.—NEW BUILDING OF THE MANHATTAN EYE AND EAR HOSPITAL, PARK AVENUE AND FORTY-FIRST STREET.



HIS MAJESTY KALAKAUA, KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, NOW MAKING A TOUR OF THE WORLD.—SEE PAGE 78.

Street, and consists of four stories and a basement. The floor of the basement at the northern end is above the level of the street. The walls of the entrance-hall, the staircase walls and the passages are of red brick. The two lower floors are constructed substantially of iron beams and brick arches, covered with oncaustic tile. There are three staircases, of oak, and three elevators. The basement and the first story are arranged for the accommodation of out-door patients, and every medical and sanitary appliance will be furnished for the treatment of 20,000 dispensary patients yearly. The second and third stories are arranged in wards and private bedrooms for the surgical treatment of severe cases, and about eighty patients can be accommodated on these floors. On each of these floors there is a dining-room, and on the second story a theatre, and on the third the library of the hospital. The fourth floor also contains two wards and bedrooms, and on this story the kitchens are situated. The walls of this are lined with enameled brick, and the floor is of slate. The closets are in a building by themselves, entirely distinct from the hospital structure, as is also the engine



MISSOURI.—DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE GRAND STAND AT THE FAIR GROUNDS, KANSAS CITY, SEPT. 14TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDING ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 75.

and boiler-room. The pipes throughout the building are all exposed, and easily accessible. The hospital will be thoroughly ventilated, well lighted with gas, heated by steam, and provided with every appliance for the proper treatment of patients.

A ROYAL TRAVELER AROUND THE WORLD.

KING KALAKAUA, of the Sandwich Islands, who is now en route from England for the United States, on his tour around the world, has been traveling constantly since the 20th of January last, when he sailed from Honolulu for San Francisco. Remaining in California a week, he took his departure for Japan on February 8th, and during his stay there he was a guest of the Emperor, and received all the honors which the Government of Japan and distinguished citizens could bestow. He was entertained by the Mikado and princes of the royal blood, and by the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

As the King has attained the thirty-third degree of Masonry, the Masonic fraternity of Yokohama tendered him a ball, and he had agreed to be present, but just at this time, as he was about to leave for Tokyo, he learned of the assassination of the Emperor of Russia, and he postponed his visit to the ball. He visited every place of interest in Japan's ancient capital. He then went to Nagasaki, where the officials of the Japanese Empire left him. He was taken to China in a special steamship furnished by the Chinese Merchants' Company. At Tien-Tsin he met General Li Hung Chang, the foremost citizen of China. He did not go to Peking, on account of bad weather, but proceeded to Hong Kong, where John Pope Hennessy, the Governor of the English colony, entertained him in the name of the Queen of Great Britain at a number of banquets. Next he became the guest of the Governor of Siam, who entertained him at a state banquet and a grand dancing and theatrical display. He visited the principal temples at Bangkok, and met the high officials of the kingdom. Then he visited Singapore for a week, and was entertained by Sir Frederick Weld, the Governor of the colony. He visited the Malay kingdom at Johore, and was entertained at a state banquet. Then he took the steamship to Calcutta, stopping at various points. He remained at Calcutta three days. Then he went to Benares, the sacred city of India, and thence to Bombay, where he visited the Silent Tower, in which the bodies of the dead were once exposed to be devoured by vultures. After five days at Bombay he took a steamship to Suez. The Khedive of Egypt took him in a royal car to Cairo. He visited the Pyramids and other objects of interest there. From Egypt he went to Alexandria and crossed the Mediterranean to Naples, where he met the King and Queen of Italy. From there he went to Rome, where he had a private but entirely unofficial interview with the Pope. From Rome he went to England and became the guest of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Ministry of Great Britain. He visited the Queen at Windsor Castle, and lunched there. He attended a garden party given by the Prince of Wales, and the last ball of the season at Marlborough House.

The next point visited in his remarkable itinerary was Brussels, where he exchanged visits with King Leopold. Thence he went to Berlin, where he dined with Prince William, whom he had entertained in Honolulu, and was entertained by the royal family, the Emperor, who was absent, having made special arrangements for his reception. From Berlin he went to Vienna, where he was entertained at dinner by William Walter Phelps, the American Minister.

At Paris he was received by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in the absence of the President. He visited the Electrical Exhibition, and was entertained at dinner by M. de Lesseps. He went to Madrid, and thence to Lisbon, where he was entertained by the King of Portugal. He was entertained at a bull-fight where thirteen bulls were killed. Returning to Paris he staid there two weeks, and then went to London.

He will spend a few days in New York and a few in Washington. He will visit the Hampton Normal Agricultural College, which is in charge of General S. C. Armstrong, brother of his Attorney-General. Thence the King will go to Kentucky and examine the blooded stock, of which he owns considerable. He will reach San Francisco in time to leave for home by the steamer of October 22d.

A story was current soon after the King's departure from his capital that the object of his extensive journey was to sell his islands to the best purchaser. This rumor was so ridiculous that it gave the King but little annoyance. What started the story was, probably, the fact that the Government deems it necessary to invite immigrants to develop the vast tracts of prolific soil that are still uncultivated. According to Attorney-General Armstrong, the difficulty is to find a nationality who are acclimated to the same isothermal line and yet are a desirable population. So far as he has examined, he concludes that the Portuguese have the most available qualifications.

FUN.

SCOTCH-IRISH MUSIC—Mower's melodies.

VERY "LOW FREEBOARD."—Workhouse diet.

MARY ANN (to whom mistress has pointed out the phenomenon): "Lor, mum! So that's a comical! I seed it two or three nights ago, but I only thought it was something the matter with one of the stars!"

"Do you pretend to have as good judgment as I have?" exclaimed an enraged wife, to her husband. "Well, no," he replied, slowly; "our choice of partners for life shows that my judgment is not to be compared with yours."

COMETS have from time immemorial been supposed, by nervous and credulous people at least, to mean something; but of the present one it cannot be said that "thereby hangs a tail," because, as a matter of fact, the tail is up at the top, and thereby hangs the comet.

AN IRISH ALIBI.—Pat: "Where did Tim kill the agint, Dan?" Dan: "Shure, down the road straight there! I see him shoot wid my own eyes; an' be jabbers, they've took him for murder!" Pat: "Tim 'll be hanged, poor darlint!" Dan: "Niver a bit; we'll prove an alibi! Look at that, now; we'll prove the agint wasn't there!"

HONEST farmer, passing Tortoni's, where enters of ice most do degenerate, has his attention arrested by the refreshing spectacle, and takes a seat at the table. Water (glibly): "An ice, sir? What kind sir? Lemon? Vanilla? Orange? Strawberry? Raspberry?" Honest Farmer (after a moment's reflection, as sweet thoughts of home rise in his heart and gladden his nostrils): "Got any onion ice?"

"WHY, how odd you look with your hair parted in the middle!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "I used to part mine on the side," said Mrs. Jones. Then the conversation became general. Each lady had to tell how she parted her hair—all but little Edith's mother. She said nothing. Suddenly little Edith's voice was heard. She evidently did not like to have her mother ignored. Said she, "My mother parts her hair in her lap."

"PORTER," said the gentleman from New York, as he stepped into his berth, "take this quarter and call me at Lyons, sure." "All right, sah." Late next morning he calls him: "Only twenty minutes from Buffalo, sah." The passenger made a chapter of remarks in blanks and dashes, winding up with: "Why in fury didn't you call me at Lyons?" New Yorker (ostentatiously)—"Lyons, dat's it! You did say Lyons, for suah, boss, an' I 'fore goodness sake, done thought ober de whole circus, an' I hope to die ef I could catch onto any animal higher dan buffalo! I'll remember de cage next time, boss."

A SUFFERER FOR THIRTY YEARS.

A GRATEFUL patient writes: "I had not taken the Oxygen three weeks when I found a great change. I could scarcely believe that I could be relieved so soon. Relief is all I expected, for I had been a great sufferer for thirty years." Treatise on "Compound Oxygen" sent free. DR. STARKY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

TEACHER—"John, what are your father's boots made of?" Boy—"Of leather." "Where does the leather come from?" "From the hide of the ox." "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and gives you meat to eat?" "My father."

CHEERFUL CONVERSATION

Is ONE of the pleasantest amenities of life. But a fluent talker whose "gems of thought" drop from lips which disclose yellow teeth going to rack and ruin, makes less impression than he or she otherwise would. Bear this in mind, conversationalists, and lend added force to your utterances by keeping your teeth white and pure with SCODONT, wholesome and most thorough of tooth preparations, which removes tartar, renders the gums healthy and purifies the breath.

BABY'S WARNING.

WHEN baby has pains at dead of night, Mother in a fright, father in a plight; When worms do bite, baby must cry, If fever sets in, baby may die. If croupy pains kill Leonora, In that house there's no CASTORIA, For mothers learn without delay, CASTORIA cures by night and day.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN NERVE EXHAUSTION.

I AM altogether pleased with the properties of HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE in nerve exhaustion and dyspepsia. Van Wert, O. A. N. KROUT, M.D.

"Use Redding's Russia Salve."

TEN drops of ANGSTURA BITTERS impart a delicious flavor to all cold drinks, and prevent all Summer diseases. Try it, and you will never be without it; but be sure to get the world-renowned ANGSTURA BITTERS, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

DESERVING articles are always appreciated. The exceptional cleanliness of PARKER'S HAIR BALMS makes it popular. Gray hairs are impossible with its occasional use.

DON'T go shooting without HUB PUNCH.

No more novel and ingenious invention has been presented for years than the instantaneous guide to the piano and organ, now being printed and sold by the EDISON MUSICAL COMPANY. It is a system or plan by which any person, however ignorant he may be of even the rudiments of music, can, within a few minutes, play at sight any piece. The company offer a reward of \$1,000 if they cannot teach child or adult to play accurately and easily within an hour. The sale of this music is already enormous, and is taxing the capacity of the company to supply the demand. It is an invention which fills a place, the value of which, to be appreciated, needs only to be seen.—Philadelphia Evening News.

Our correspondent has seen this music, and speaks in the highest terms of it.

"A PRINCE OF BREFFNY" is the title of Mr. Thomas P. May's new novel, which is in press and shortly to be published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia, Pa. The hero of this charming book was a famous Irish soldier of fortune and the first Spanish Governor of Louisiana. The book has a clearly defined, beautiful value, while the author's power of narrative is remarkable, and the work will amply repay perusal.

THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, Broadway, New York, so long the leading hotel of the great city, fully maintains its high standard of excellence, and in comfort and luxury has no superior in this country or in Europe. Its location, for healthfulness and the convenience of travelers, is the very best. On account of its thorough good order, safety and superior rooms, it is especially adapted for families and ladies traveling without escort, who are treated with every respect and consideration. The proprietor, with his family, resides in the Hotel, giving to it his constant personal supervision; the result is that the ST. NICHOLAS is, in every respect, the Model Hotel.

WOMEN are everywhere using and recommending PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, because they have learned from experience that it speedily overcomes dependency, indigestion, pain or weakness in the back and kidneys, and other troubles peculiar to the sex.—Home Journal.

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